RE-FRESH with

SICK

SEPTEMBER

25¢

ICD

The Magazine that Keeps America Laughing

Summer Issue

Cool it!

THIS MAGAZINE IS

BUGGED

by Beatles!

Did someone call for a relief pitcher?

Hipster's Long-fellow

Mr. Clean finds Romance

Moses at the Fair

Be a Performer

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SICK

No. 31

Volume 5—Number 1—September, 1964

IN THIS ISSUE:

Sick, Sick World . . .

Motlotlehi Moshoeshoe 2d, the paramount chief of Basutoland, said Basutoland in the future would be known as Lesotho. It's about time they changed the name. We wondered why they waited so long. It will open a whole new world for Basutoland. Lesothe is more concise, easier to remember and more authoritative. So congratulations, Basutoland—we mean Lesotho. Now if Motlotlehi Moshoeshoe will change his name, you'll really swing. With that name he can't count too heavily on write-ins. 14

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Longfellow Revisited . . .

They made a big fuss about Shakespeare's birthday, but completely overlooked Longfellow's birthday. No party, no gifts, not even a card...Well, Henry Wadsworth, we haven't forgotten. You may not be as big as Shakespeare, but remember you haven't been dead as long either. Wait a few years. 8

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The TV repairman who doesn't have to take your set to the shop

The mailman who brings you the unemployment check

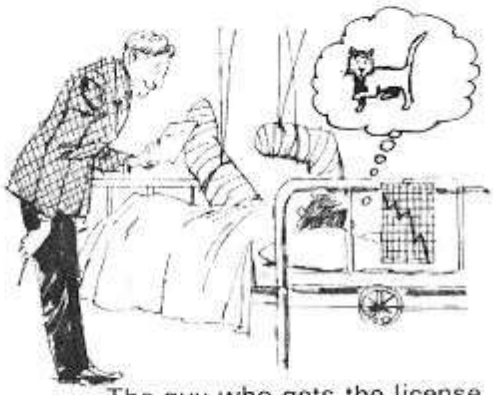
The auto mechanic who helps you pad the insurance bill

The new word in hip circles today is "pussycat," the "in" groups' expression of endearment. For a more precise definition of the term, this guide has been prepared—a guide which answers the question . . .

Who's

The Army doctor who hands you the 4-F card

The laundryman who gives you the shirts back without a ticket



The guy who gets the license number of the car that hit you

The bartender who fills your glass over the line

The motorcycle cop who picks up the $10 you leave on the seat

The friend who lets you look after his girl while he's out of town

The babysitter who doesn't have to be driven home

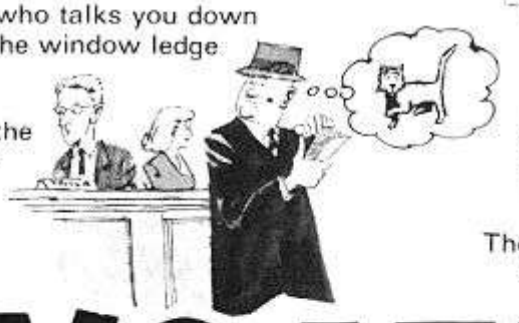
The poker dealer who fills in your inside straight

The farmer on the road who has a daughter

The cop who talks you down from the window ledge

The blonde who gets undressed by the open window

The friend who tells you about your breath



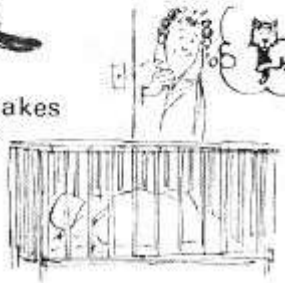
The bank teller who makes the error in *your* favor

a PUSSYCAT?

The new stenographer who takes dictation from your lap

The waiter who fills your glass of water without being asked

The subway guard who pushes you into the crowded car



The new infant who sleeps through the night

The secretary who keeps her mouth shut

The motel manager who looks the other way

The fellow who picks up your check in the restaurant

(THE PUBLISHER WHO BUYS JUNK LIKE THIS)

Dear SICK:

The SICK Magazine that I saw had the Beatles bald. I don't like this and should I be a Beatle, I'd sue. You print these things and then reply with a smart remark. You better not do it to me.

Noel Reading
516 Poppy St.
Lompoc, Calif.

ED: We expect a lot of letters about the bald Beatles—yours is the First, Noel.

Dear SICK:

Why don't you do a crazy article on the Patty Duke Show?

Rickey Mitchell
215 Pine Avenue
Newport News, Virginia

ED: Did Patty Duke tell you to write us?

Dear Sirs:

A few weeks ago a person who is an avid fan of SICK wrote to me. His name was Alex Bridge [*ED: We'll cross that Bridge when we come to him*]. He said he would like to congratulate me on getting my Sick Swifty printed. Anyway, now I have a chance to write and say how much I enjoy your magazine. Keep up the good work. A faithful fan forever.

Diana Rabinowitz
32-24 58th Street
Woodside, 77, N.Y.

ED: What does all this have to do with Alex Bridge?

Dear Sirs:

I bought your magazine because I thought it would give me fan news about the Beatles. But when I read what you

wrote, I tore it up then and there. I don't think anyone else has the right to talk about any one else that way [*ED: What?*]. I know that every one is entitled to their own opinion, but what makes you think you've got the right to write that kind of trash about them? It's nothing but mean. You're not going to prove anything by it. I bet you wouldn't like it if someone did that to you. I love the Beatles and there are millions of young girls with me [*ED: You're in a room with millions of young girls?*]. You're never going to change our minds. I love them now and I always will.

Beatle Fan
Deshler, Ohio

ED: What are you trying to tell us, Beatle Fan? You want more Beatle issues? Is that it?

Dear Sirs:

I am presently on a tour of duty with the U.S. Army here in Naples. Your magazine has brought me countless hours of sidesplitting enjoyment. Anxiously awaiting next month's issue.

SP Ernest Briggs, Jr.
Hdqtrs AFSE Box #148
C/O F.P.O. #510
New York, N.Y.

ED: We've got news for you, Ernie, the U.S. Army pulled out of Naples in 1945.

Gentlemen:

Here is my entry to your contest. I read your magazine every month and enjoy the cartoons and captions to your pictures. Keep up the good work.

James E. Dye
Vincennes University
Vincennes, Indiana

ED: If Vincennes U. is in Vincennes, Indiana where is Indiana University? Give up? University, Indiana.

Dear SICK:

I think the cover of your September issue is one of the funniest I've ever seen. Your magazine beats (the others) by a long shot.

Mike Scott
C/O Norman Ballard
RRI
Lupton, Michigan

ED: Who's Norman Ballard?

Dear SICK:

Keep up the delightfully entertaining and informative discourse purveyed in your periodical. In other words, go to it, man, go.

Robert E. Snavely
5105 N. Damen Avenue
Chicago 25, Ill.

ED: We enjoy these letters from our foreign readers.

Dear SICK:

I read your magazine every issue I get a chance to. You could call it FRUSTRATED. I think that a good name on the front would be FRus T. Rater. Please print this trashy letter in your next issue of FRUSTRATED.

Dave Fittro
214 West Main Street
Clarksburg, W. Va.

ED: You put out a magazine named FRUSTRATED and we'll send you a letter.

Dear SICK Sirs:

I have just finished reading your May issue and I think it is a heap of Trash. I'm disappointed when I found out you didn't print any SICK Swifties.

Judy Stanley
Edgewoodmottel
Ravenswood, West Va.

ED: We have some SICK Swifties, but you wouldn't like them.

SICK:

It's true you blokes print a way-out magazine. I liked "4 Faces Vest." I'm an Australian living in New Zealand.

Dave Carney
c/o Greenland Road
Greenlane, Auckland
New Zealand

ED: Do you know P. Harrison?

Dear SICKleys:

I only read one of your sicks, and I fell in love with it. I read it ten thousand times through. Some magazines used to have good stuff and big names, now they have only big names. SICK IS Vice-versa!

Earle Kessler
291 Highland Road
South Orange, N.J.

ED: You notice how big they're printing those names these days?

Dear SICKLY:

I am writing you to show my appreciation of your little caption on Queen Elizabeth (March issue Page 32). I would also like to say that if you keep up that

type of sarcasm, I will never regret paying three shillings (25 cents over there) for your magazine. I might even fill out a subscription for one year.

Stephen Sieradzan
Chalet 69, Caullora Park, Sydney
New South Wales, Australia

ED: Don't threaten us with a one-year subscription. Two-year subscriptions shake us up.

Dear SICK:

I've read your May edition and I think it is the most funniest and most sickening' magazine I have ever read. A lot of grown-ups think that SICK is junk but to tell the truth you have to be a college graduate to understand it.

Brenda Mickens
474 W. 150th St.
New York, N. Y.

ED: A copy of SICK in your name is being sent to the college of your choice.

Dear SICK,

I am referring to your May 1964 issue, on page six in your answer to Bruce. Pfeiffer, you clearly state that you will print anything. Since you made that remark I want to see how true it is. Now print this and I'll see how true it is. Print the following in big BOLD letters:

Gary Lescota SHOULD BE PRESIDENT!
SICK IS THE WORST MAGAZINE EVER PRINTED!

Now I dare you to print that.

Gary Lescota
72 Seventh Avenue
Newark, N. J.

ED: Happy?

Dear Mr. ED:

This is directed to the clods, Donald Markstein and Mike Turner, more than to you. Their letters in your May issue were trash, cluttering up your fine magazine. I'm of Indian ancestory and more

or less, neither pro or con, but we were also beaten as was the South. Why do they want to raise everything from the past? If the North is so bad, why does the South copy them all the time? Who ever heard of "Clothes Styled by Luke, of Clodsville, Georgia?" I heard Stonewall Jackson got his name because he was always hiding behind stone walls.

Marty
712 Ekela Ave. No. C
Honolulu, Hawaii

ED: Actually, you have an historic inaccuracy in your letter, Marty. Stonewall Jackson was nearsighted and got his nickname because he was always riding into stone walls.

Dear SICKerlyist sirs:

I would like to be a writer for your magazine, but unfortunately I cannot spell tooo goodlyer (ED: *That won't stop you*). When I first read your magazine, it was a total accident. I sent my mommy to the store (she went because I'm not allowed to cross the street yet) and instead of bringing back "PLAYBOY", I received SICK. It is a much lot funnier, and I think you are a nice man. I also think I love you but I'm not sure because my mother doesn't want me going out with older men.

Miss Karen F. Warner
126 West Riverside Avenue
Kellogg, Idaho

ED: *And you believe your mother? She is married to an older man, isn't she?*

Dear SICK:

I really do like the title you have at the present, but if you consider changing the title, I will suggest "HUNGRY".

Johnny Lee Guiron
6480 Burns Street
Detroit 13, Michigan

ED: *Do you think that would be more palatable?*

Dear Sirs:

I am a new reader to SICK magazine. I was attracted to it by the great cover

by Jack Davis. I enjoyed my first issue of SICK No. 27 very much, especially your articles "THE Tarzan Film Festival" and "Cosa Nostra News."

Leonard J. Tirado
182½ Regent Street
Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

ED: *We've really made Jack Davis. He was a nobody until we taught him how to draw covers. Seriously, Jack has done covers before, but those were match covers and he just couldn't catch on.*

Dear ED:

This was the first issue of SICK I ever read. I thought it was pretty SICK. But still I'll keep on reading it.

Bill Smart
107 Lincoln Road
Longmeadow, Mass.

ED: *We bet the guys are always kidding you about your name. Bill is an unusual name.*

Dearest rotten, sick, clod-finks:

I would be most grateful if you publish my letter.

The Manchurian Idiot
186 Craggrass Avenue
Manchuria-Froid, Montana

ED: *All right, Idiot, send us a letter and we'll publish it.*

Dear Sirs:

If there's one thing I can't stand, it's when one of these "southern-fried-clods" writes to Sick telling how those "damn-yankees" (and those aren't the baseball ones) are nutz, and what-not. I haven't yet seen (besides myself) a northern fellow call anyone living in the south a "clod, bum, fink or anything else." Since Sick is getting to be an editorial column, here is my comment on some things that were said last issue: Most intelligent people know that segregation and such are wrong. Some do not, and practice it. Someday, people will think differently. Put my letter at the bottom of the letter page.

Carl Silverman
655 East 14th Street
New York 9, N. Y.

ED: We can't put your letter at the bottom of the letter's page as the letter's page hasn't reached bottom yet.

Dear SICK:

Next to M-D you're tops. My opinion can be changed easily, I've never won anything from M-D.

Terry L. Horne
312 Clark Street
Janesville, Wisc.

ED: We read your captions and we've got news for you—you never won anything from us either.

Dear SICK:

I love to read your magazine. You put out the best—they are worth the price I pay for them. All my friends are buying SICK now. Keep it as you are going, I advise you, don't change it at all and I mean at all.

Jerry L. Woodard
2460 Vigo Street
East Gary, Indiana

ED: We won't touch it.

Dear Sir:

I have just finished reading your February issue (Vol. 4 No. 4) and I see in it where you want some suggestions for a new name for SICK. Well, I suggest that you name it: "The Hell With It." This is the first edition of SICK that I have ever seen on sale in the shops over here, but I have made sure that I get more of it in the future by putting in an order for it. I would also like to know if you could send me an autographed photograph of yourself as I have a collection of quite a lot of American and European authors.

Barry Robertson
31 Vincent Street
Waterloo, Wellington,
New Zealand

ED: Where are you keeping all these American and European authors you've collected?

Dear Editor of SICK:

Man, you're a real smarty, aren't you. I read SICK every chance I can swipe one and enjoy SICKcerely Yours very much. The whole magazine makes a great trash basket lining afterwards too. Want to say hurrah for Pvt. John Short for his defense of the South.

Miss Fae Martin
389 Vineland Drive
Santa Maria, California

ED: Chalk up one for the South.

Dear SICK:

I live in Canada and have missed only seven issues since 1961. Keep up the good work.

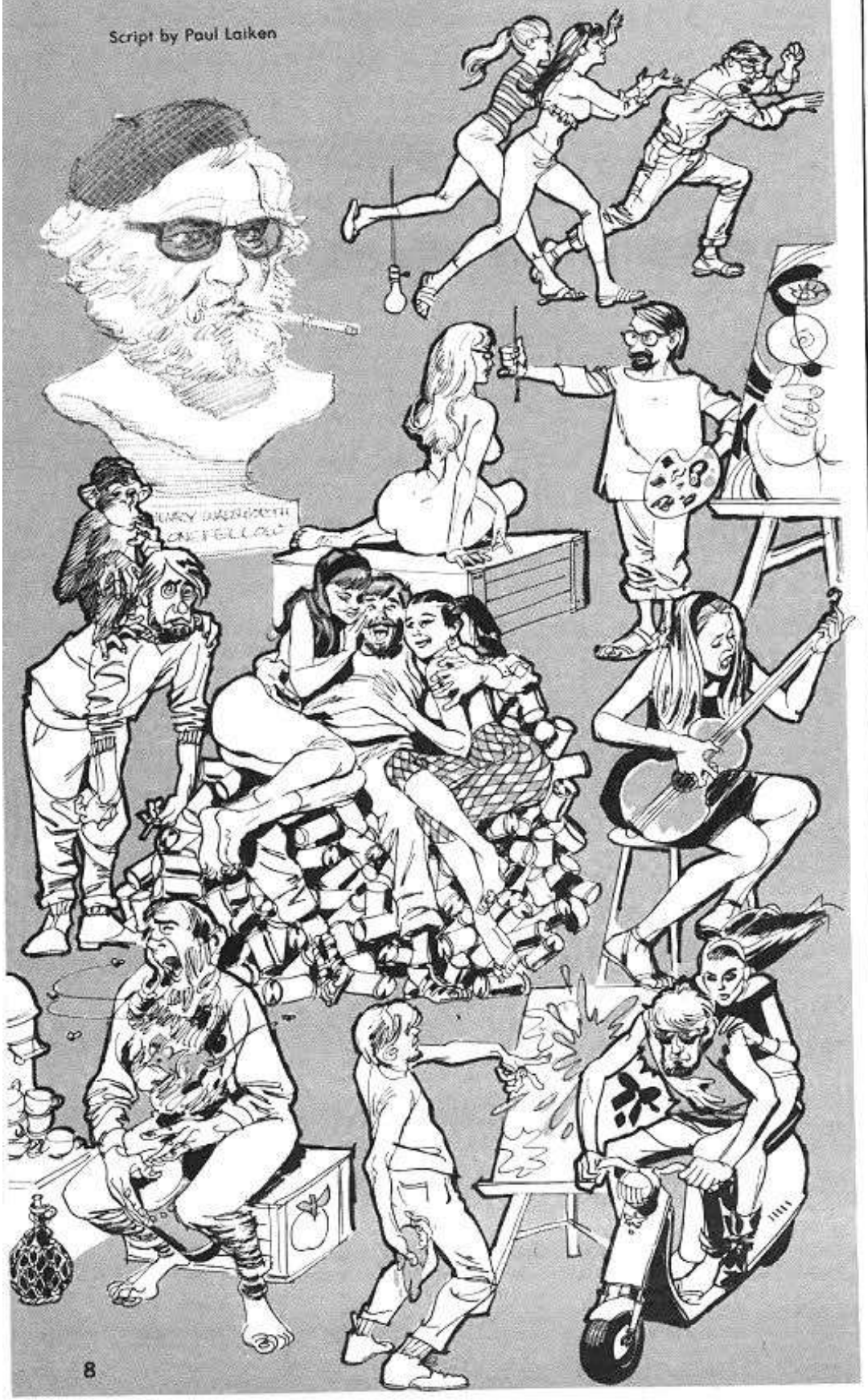
Wayne Serbu
23 Albert Street
Galt, Ontario, Canada

ED: *You just missed seven issues since 1961—we missed three months in 1962.*

CULTURE

LONGFELLOW

Script by Paul Laiken



THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

RE-VISITED

Art by Gray Morrow

THE HIPSTER'S HOUR

Between the dark and like daylight,
When the scene is beginning to sour,
Comes a snag in the night's crazy action,
That is tagged as the Hipster's Hour.

I dig in the beat pad above me
The noise of a shuffling beat,
The sound of a group that is swinging,
And wailing cool and reet.
From my own pad I catch from the window,
Strutting on down the old rail,
Wild Alice and hopped-up Allegra,
And Edith with pony tail.
A rumble, and then a fadeout:
Yet I'm hip by their far out kicks
They got eyes like to start a big hassle,
To put me on, those chicks.
A frantic charge from the staircase,
A frenzied drive from the hall!
From three pads they come stomping
They like come to have a ball!
They make it up to my garret
They got eyes to sit on my chair;
If I try to cop out, they like bug me;
They get right into my hair.
They come on strong with their muzzling,
They start to smooch and I'm sent,
Till I think of the Sultan of Bagdad
And the wild action in his tent!
Now hear this, you kookie young beatniks,
Just 'cause you come on real gay,
A cool goateed hipster like I am
Can put you down any day!
I have you here in my beat pad,
And will not let you like split,
But stash you right here in this old shack
This cold-water flat, that's the bit.
And here we will make it like always,
But keep it down to a shout,
Or some fink might blow the whistle,
And the landlord put us out!

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands:
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies,
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

THE VILLAGE BEATNIK

Inside a spread out coffee shop
The Village Beatnik sits;
A swinging cat, like, he's the top,
With wild and hopped-up mitts,
And on this scene where they blow cool bop
He sits and digs all bits.
His beard is weird and gone and Man
His head like comes on big;
There is no sweat on his cool pan,
He never works a gig,
He doesn't even move his can,
For like he's hip, you dig?

Like all the time, I tell you, Pops,
You can groove his poetry sound;
You can catch him at espresso shops,
With weirdos all around,
Like a bopster blowing out thru his chops
When he spiels out Ezra Pound.
And hipsters coming on the scene
Like they make it to his shack;
They come to case the wild routine,
And dig this maniac,
They find him high on benzedrine
With this monkey on his back.

He cuts to Birdland Sunday nights,
And gets on every kick;
He has big eyes for all the sights,
He grooves this arty chick,
Bulging thru her purple tights,
And it makes him pretty sick.

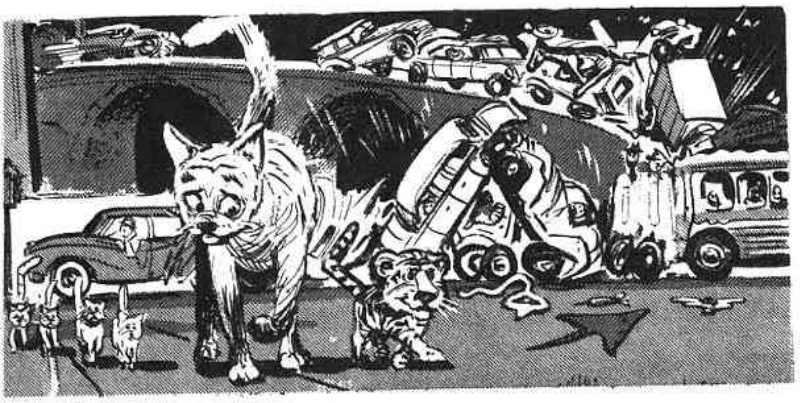
She comes on cool like his own chick's wail,
Jiving all over town!
He had it bad for that old frail,
And now she's six feet down,
She never shoulda broke from jail,
She was too much, that clown.
Swinging,—grooving,—in every dive,
On every scene he'd cruise;
One night he's on a bongo drive,
The next night he's on the booze;
With all that guzzling, all that jive,
He conks right out to snooze.

I'm woke now, old Jack Kerouac,
Like your message did the trick!
At first I pegged you for a hack
I'm wise now to your kick;
To be a beatnik means like, Jack—
You gotta be, like, sick!

A PEBBLE BEACH GLOSSARY OF *RACING TERMS*

by Bob Powell

SLIP STREAMING



Same as tailgating—only faster

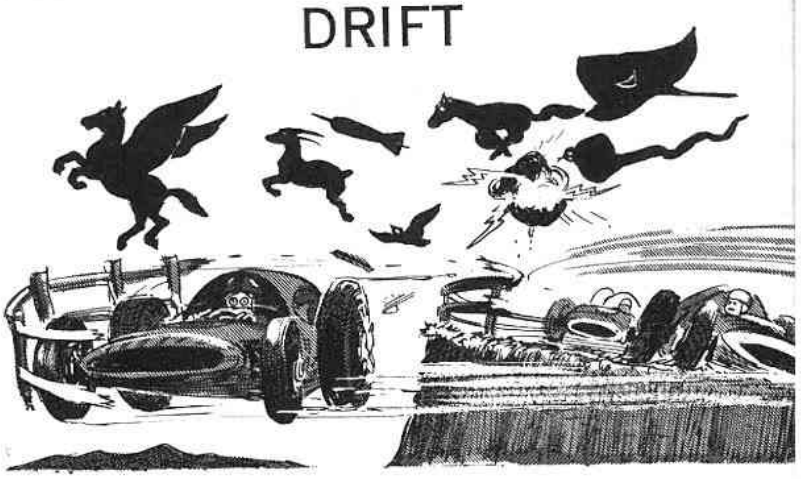
CORNERING

Steering through a corner in the most favorable position

CUT-OFF POINT

Moment when you stop accelerating

DRIFT

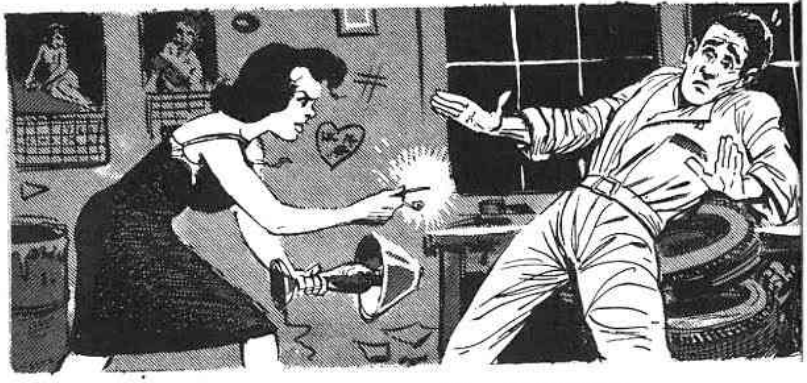


Controlled four-wheel slide . . . sometimes

FUEL INJECTION

Force fuel intake to speed combustion

BRAKING POINT



Time to stomp on the binders

THE WORLD'S UNFAIR SECTION

How the Fair was Named

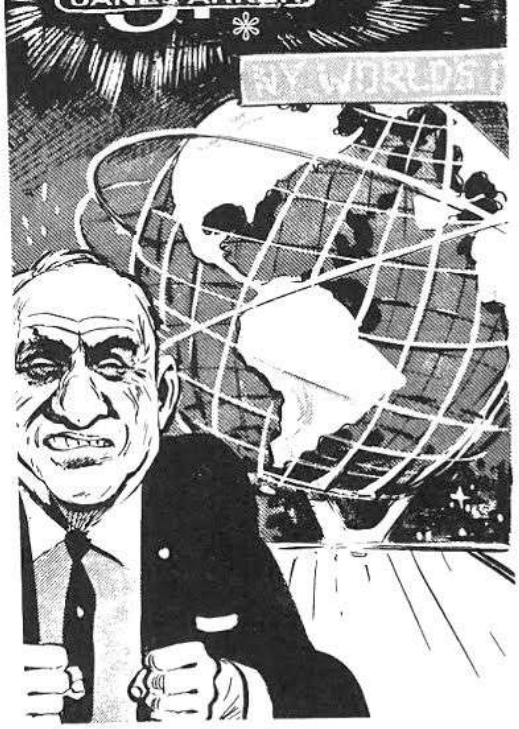
The following is a scene in New York Mayor Robert Wagner's office as he and Robert Moses try to decide on a name for the Fair now attracting millions.

Bob, would you put those tablets down. Don't they get heavy?
No, they're the Ten Commandments.
Don't you think that's carrying them too far?
MAYOR'S OFFICE
I see. Well, it's a big, big fair with lots of pavilions. Why not call it—"Big, Big Fair with lots of Pavilions?"
"The Big, Big Fair with Lots of Pavilions." That's not bad. I'd like to get more suggestions.
Why don't you appoint a committee to give the fair a name.
How quickly people forget.
We need a name for the fair. Any ideas?
Well, they had a fair in Seattle. They called it the Seattle Fair and it was pretty successful.
I thought of that, but I can't appoint a committee.
Why not?
What would I name it? First, I have to get the name for the fair. Then, I can appoint a committee.
You mean we should call our fair—the New York Fair?
No, we should call it— the Seattle Fair. Why change a good thing!
I'd like a name that would describe the fair better.
I've got an idea. Every year the New York Yankees play a National League team in New York and they call it a World Series. Why don't we call this the World Series Fair?
Fine. But what happens if the Yankees don't win the pennant and don't play in the World Series this year?
They'll fire Yogi Berra.

For those who plan a trip to New York's newest blast, here is a brief outline of what to look for, as---

SICK TOURS THE WORLD'S FAIR

Art by Bob Powell

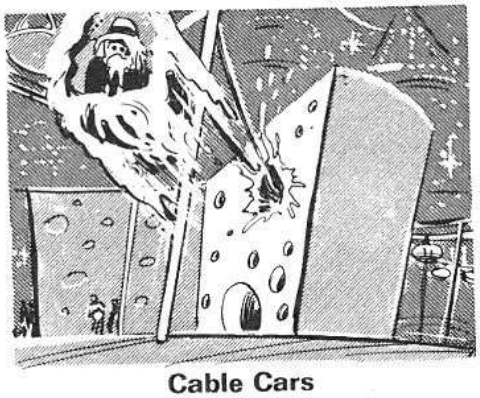


The Unisphere

The Fair's symbol is U. S. Steel's stainless-steel skeleton of the universe. Judging from recent reports, the Unisphere isn't the only skeleton in the steel industry's closet.

The magnificent solar fountain

That spouts a 30-foot column of water into the air. It only works when someone bends over it for a drink.



Cable Cars

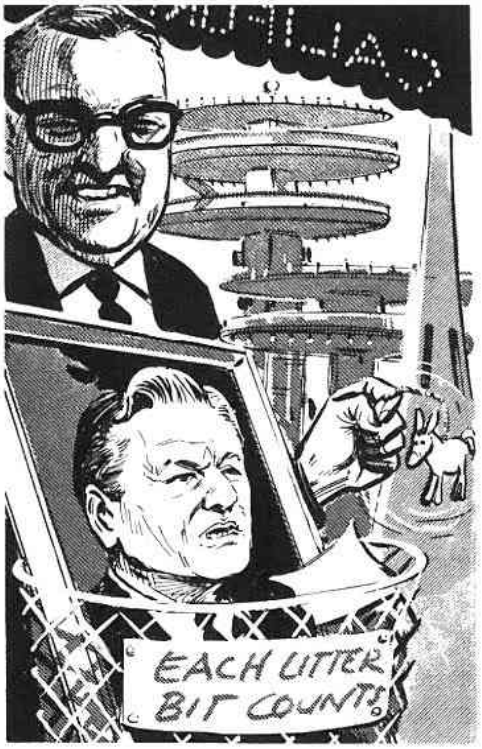
take you to the Swiss Pavilion which features a cheese exhibit. The Swiss Pavilion isn't quite finished—there are still a lot of holes in it.

The Brightest Show on Earth

The pavilion of the electric industry shows Ben Franklin flying his famous kite. It is only open on stormy days.

The Kodak Pavilion

is for camera bugs. It is a beautiful building. The best way to view it is with the sun over your right shoulder.



The Tent of Tomorrow

New York State's exhibit features a life-like portrait of Governor Rockefeller. Characteristically, the portrait is never in the New York State Pavilion. It was last seen in the California exhibit.

The Pepsi-Cola Pavilion

Was designed by Walt Disney. It has cold Pepsi in it, but no fountain. Of course, with a cold bottle of Pepsi you can make your own fountain just by putting your finger over the top and shaking it.

Simmons Beautyrest Center

Here you can rent sleep alcoves for $2 per hour and a Beautyrest Lady tucks you in and awakens you. We also found out that for $20 per hour you get ten Beautyrest Ladies to tuck you in.

Sinclair Oil Company's Dinoland

of 50-foot fiber glass prehistoric monsters is like a science fiction movie. And it might become one. Last week they counted ten prehistoric monsters and when Dinoland opened, there were only eight.

A Ford Space City Trip

through Walt Disney Time Tunnels take you back through history to show the invention of fire, the wheel, and the first Ford car. Until we took the trip, we didn't know Henry Ford invented fire and the wheel.

Bell Laboratories

features the experimental "Picture-Phones" which allow callers to see each other. Bobby Darin has a model in his home. His is a one-way model, so when he talks on the phone, he sees a picture of himself. He could have gotten the same results by putting the phone in front of a mirror and saved on phone bills.

If you're ever arrested and the police allow you to make one phone call———DON'T CALL US.

Sick Sick Sick World

To show you how much trouble the country is in, President Johnson called Dean Rusk the other day and said: "Hello, this is LBJ."

Rusk replied: "How do you spell that?"

* * *

Former Governor Stratton of Illinois has been accused of tax evasion. A lot of governors talk about cutting taxes, here's one who did something about it. You can't condemn a man for that. It could be just an oversight, sometimes things slip your mind. Governor Stratton let $92,000 slip his mind. A guy like that could misplace a state.

Al Capone, another Illinois alumnus, was convicted on tax evasion of $48,000. That made him only half as smart as Governor Stratton. The Internal Revenue Department called up Governor Stratton and said: "You owe the United States government $92,000 in back taxes."

You know what Governor Stratton said? "Who is this?" You've just got to like a man like that.

* * *

Did you know that more than 17% of the adults in the U. S. cannot read or write and did you know that most of these people are in high positions in our government in policy-making jobs?

The man in charge of giving the signal to push the button in case of nuclear war not only can't read or write, he doesn't know where the button is. He was told where it was but he forgot. They told him yesterday.

Even more disturbing is the fact when this man applied for the job, the State Department questionnaire asked: "Who is the president of the United States?", he replied, "Ladybird" and they agreed with him.

That's another problem. We don't know if the President is reading the bills put before him, but he certainly isn't reading them thoroughly. Last week at a White House breakfast, the President signed the menu into law.

* * *

Alabama's Governor George C. Wallace gave a speech on Civil Rights and State's Rights. He entitled his speech: "*Do Two Rights Make A Wrong?*"

* * *

"Eddie, do we have a number called "Where's the men's room?"

* * *

A New Jersey man sold a mountain to the government for $1,136,000. The government found out they had built a road on his property. What if someone owns Mt. Rushmore and he doesn't like one of the presidents immortalized there? Teddy Roosevelt, Washington and Jefferson can stay, but they have to level Wilson. They would have to put up someone this guy likes. Maybe Roscoe Karns. Teddy, Tom and George would have to share a mountain next to Roscoe Karns. Roscoe Karns was never a president of the United States, but still he was a remarkable man. He was the kind of man who could move mountains.

* * *

We know a guy in New York who doesn't own a phone. It's particularly tough for him—he's in the brokerage business.

* * *

Berlin officials revealed the age of the world's most glamorous grandmother, Marlene Dietrich. Her birth certificate shows she was born in Berlin in 1901, the daughter of a Royal Prussian Police Lieutenant. That makes her 62 years old. Marlene sure doesn't look it — she doesn't look like a Royal Prussian Police Lieutenant.

French Psychiatrists report that 65% of all French people have a strong death wish—they wish Charles DeGaulle would drop dead.

Peter Lawford and his wife have been kept out of a cooperative apartment in New York City (how cooperative can it be?)—Lawford's only crime is his friendship with Frank Sinatra and Hollywood's rat pack—we think this is guilt by association. Lawford is being kept out of the co-op because he associates with known actors.

* * *

There are too many women in the world today. Did you know that if every man married just one woman and was faithful to that one woman all of his life that nobody would believe him?

* * *

"Please, Jack, not here!"

Have you ever been to Radio City Music Hall in New York? Have you ever seen Radio City's Rockettes? We know a guy who dated the Rockettes all at the same time. He needed a choreographer for his dates. If the girls didn't have to do three shows a day, he would have died of exhaustion.

* * *

Our TV Movie-of-the-Month award goes to "Bandido," the story of a United States Senate Page Boy...

AVIATION NEWS:

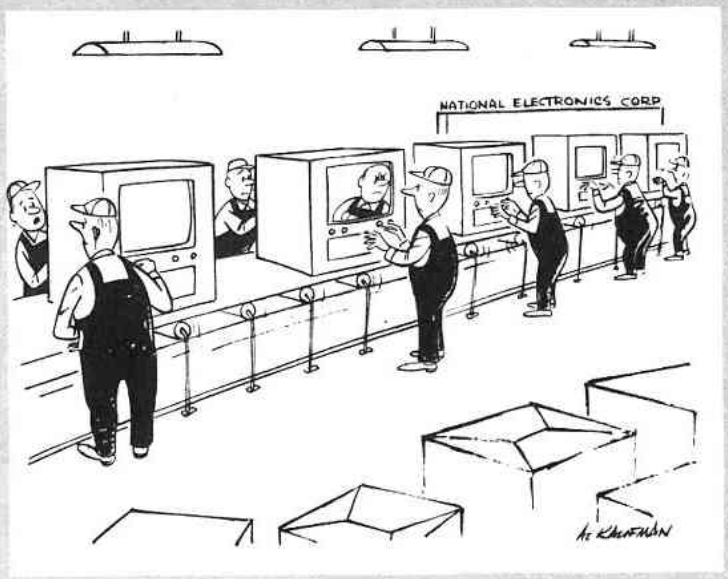
The Air Force rolled out its newest and biggest bomber—the XB-70A. It is not ready to bomb anyone yet. It doesn't have a seat for a bombardier, nor facilities for dropping bombs.

They don't know, but they've just spent 1.2 million dollars to build a transport plane. We should be grateful they found a place for the pilot and co-pilot. They sit in the control tower. The XB-70A travels at three times the speed of sound. It will speed to a target, fly around over it for awhile and speed back. The plate is 185 feet long and needs a runway of over 3 miles on which to land safely. They don't know how it's going to land, but the Air Force isn't going to worry about that until after they get in the air.

They are contemplating building an XB-70B, a sister plane to this one. It will carry Nuns.

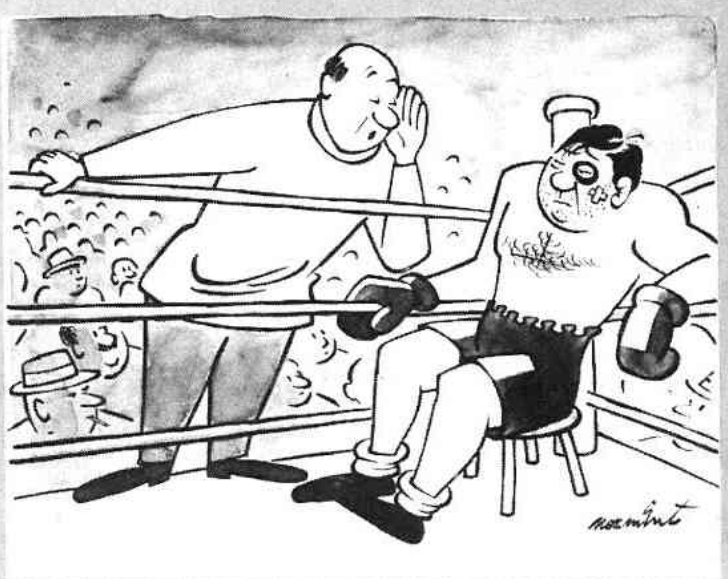
* *

(Continued on page 45)



"Watch out for that new foreman. He's tricky!"

"That's some catch, Fred. You must be very proud."



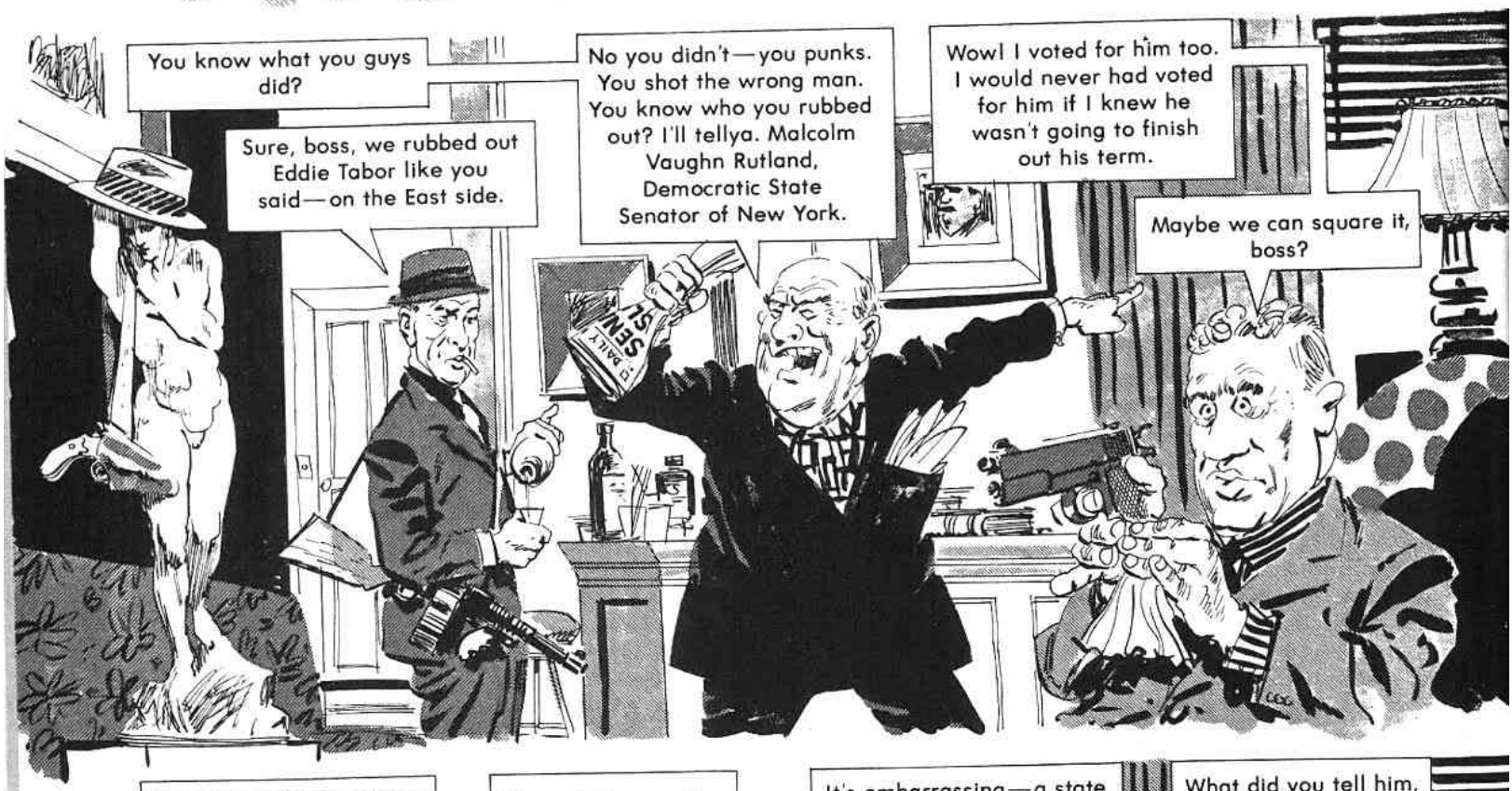
"Get in close, then beg for mercy."

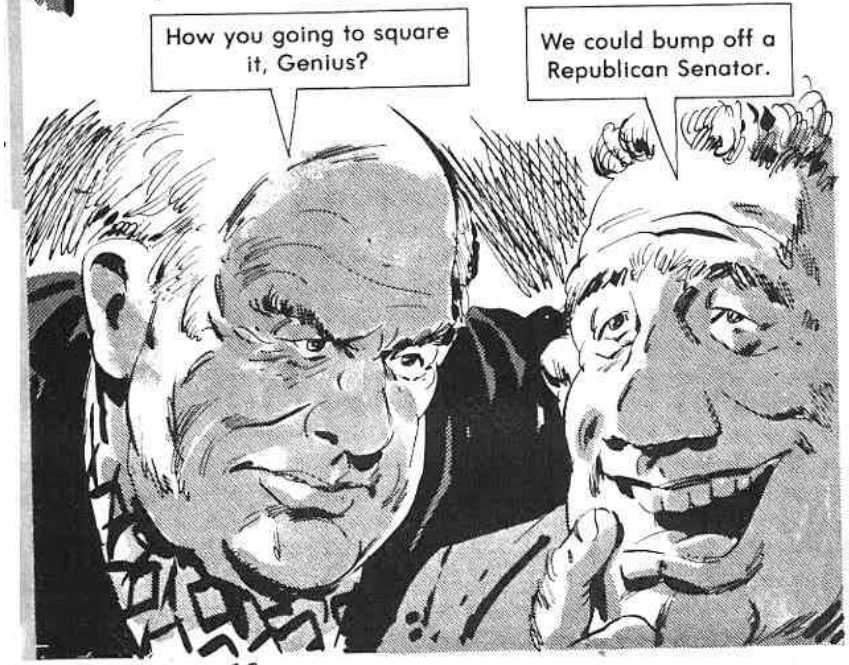
CRIME and VIOLENCE SECTION

If it seems there is a lot of talk about crime in this issue, it's only a reflection of what's going on all over the country. The FBI reports that the crime rate is up 40% since 1950. And that's just in their department.

The following scene is the morning after a supposed rub-out of a big time hoodlum by another gang. The headlines scream the news and the boss is speaking to his two henchmen who apparently have botched the job.

The RUB-OUT


You know what you guys did?
Sure, boss, we rubbed out Eddie Tabor like you said—on the East side.
No you didn't—you punks. You shot the wrong man. You know who you rubbed out? I'll tellya. Malcolm Vaughn Rutland, Democratic State Senator of New York.
Wow! I voted for him too. I would never had voted for him if I knew he wasn't going to finish out his term.
Maybe we can square it, boss?



It's embarrassing—a state Senator floating in the East River with a block of cement chained to his neck. Big Louie in Cleveland called me first thing this morning to ask why we eliminated a state Senator.
What did you tell him, Boss?

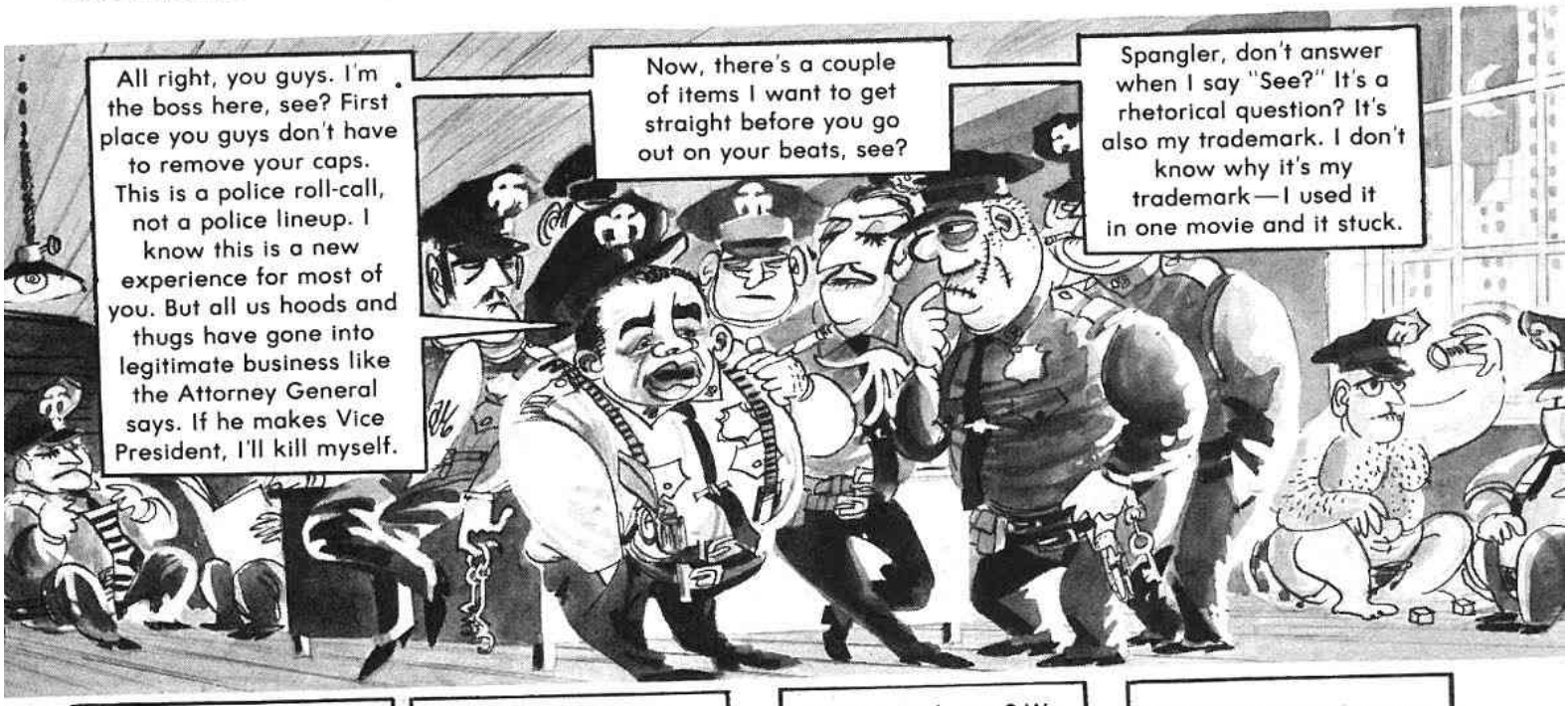
I said he talked too much.
What did Big Louie say to that?
He said I'm gonna have to murder the whole State Legislature.
It was a simple case of mistaken identity. It happens all the time.
Yea, just yesterday I saw your kid brother, Rocky, and I thought he was Tony Angelos.
Did you murder my kid brother?
No, Boss. Why would I murder your kid brother— I've got nothing against Tony Angelos.
I think we should send flowers to Senator Rutland's widow.
Sure, Boss, we'll pick out a simple wreath. What message do you want on the card?
Say simply: From The Boss, Charlie, and Mushy. It was all a terrible mistake... And it won't happen again.
That should cheer her up.
All right, now, there's one other matter of business—Eddie Tabor.
Boss, after what happened last night, maybe you shouldn't send us to rub out Eddie.
Oh, no. You'll try it again until you get it right. And you better get it right this time.
Tell us again, Boss, exactly what does Eddie Tabor look like?
Do you know Barry Goldwater?

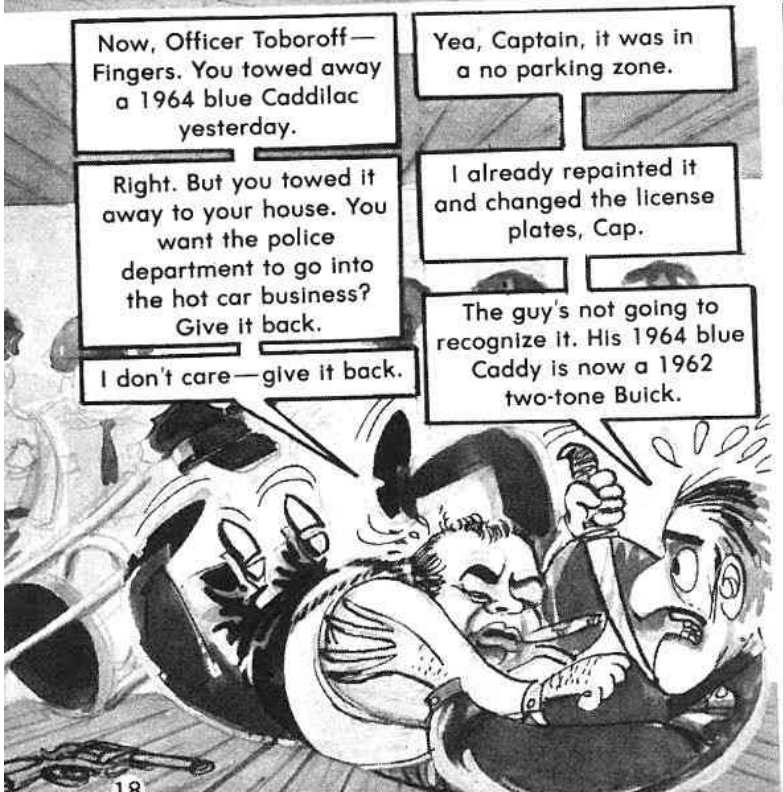
Art by Arnold Franchioni

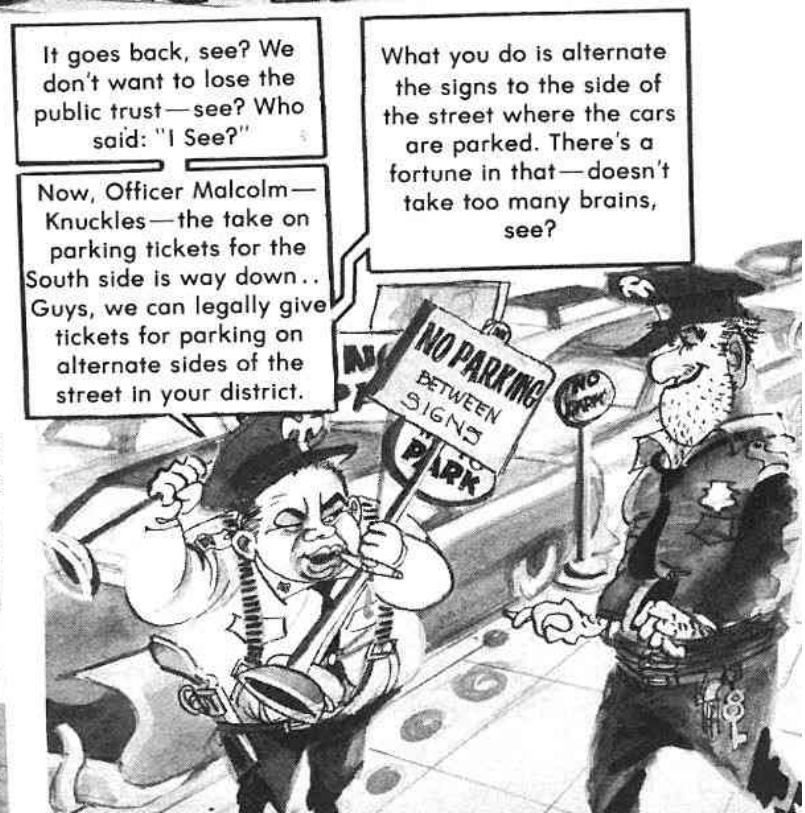
IF CROOKS TOOK OVER THE POLICE FORCE

FEATURING LITTLE CAESAR

The Attorney General recently said: "There is evidence that organized crime is increasingly moving out of the underworld into legitimate business." What the Attorney General didn't say is that there is also evidence that Attorneys General are moving into Vice Presidencies. But with this exodus from crime into legitimate business, what if criminals went into the most legitimate business of all—law enforcement? A police roll-call might sound something like this:


All right, you guys. I'm the boss here, see? First place you guys don't have to remove your caps. This is a police roll-call, not a police lineup. I know this is a new experience for most of you. But all us hoods and thugs have gone into legitimate business like the Attorney General says. If he makes Vice President, I'll kill myself.
Now, there's a couple of items I want to get straight before you go out on your beats, see?
Spangler, don't answer when I say "See?" It's a rhetorical question? It's also my trademark. I don't know why it's my trademark—I used it in one movie and it stuck.


Now, Officer Toboroff—Fingers. You towed away a 1964 blue Caddilac yesterday.
Yea, Captain, it was in a no parking zone.
Right. But you towed it away to your house. You want the police department to go into the hot car business? Give it back.
I already repainted it and changed the license plates, Cap.
I don't care—give it back.
The guy's not going to recognize it. His 1964 blue Caddy is now a 1962 two-tone Buick.

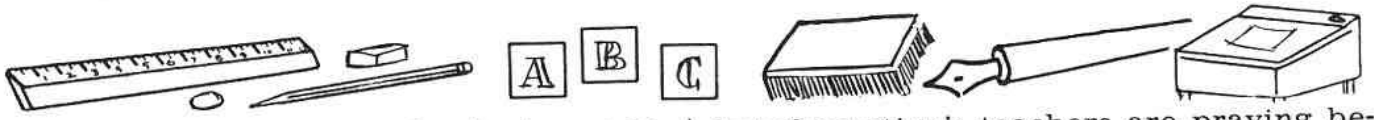

It goes back, see? We don't want to lose the public trust—see? Who said: "I See?"
What you do is alternate the signs to the side of the street where the cars are parked. There's a fortune in that—doesn't take too many brains, see?
Now, Officer Malcolm—Knuckles—the take on parking tickets for the South side is way down.. Guys, we can legally give tickets for parking on alternate sides of the street in your district.
NO PARKING BETWEEN SIGNS
PARK

It's come to my attention that officers from my precinct are entering restaurants, taking choice tables, ordering six course dinners and walking out without paying for them.
RESTAURANT
Now, this won't be tolerated. How many times have I told you—eat in the car!
Officer Harris—Elbows, I understand you've been promising protection to grocery stores on your beat for $10 a week. Is that right?
Right.
Where did you learn that racket from—your brother Rocco, the racketeer?
No—my brother Vince—the cop.
Cut it out or I'll put you back directing traffic. I'd do it anyway, but the last time you directed traffic, you directed a truck into a jewelry store and that robbed the store.
Now, another item, there will be no traffic in booze, houses, dope or the numbers in this precinct. That all comes under the detective bureau—see?
Another thing—A lot of you guys are trigger-happy. Last week Ankles—Officer Goslin—was chasing a suspect...
I fired a warning shot, Captain.
Yea, right between his shoulder blades.
Look, the rough stuff is out. If there is any rough stuff, I'll break your arms and legs. A lot of citizens are going to the Mayor and hollering about police brutality and if it continues, we're going to have to shut them up...
One final notice—I understand some of you men are making coffee in the precinct. Now, here's how I want you to make it, see.
You pour cold water into the pot, bring it to a boil, let it steep awhile. Do it my way, see? And if that doesn't work, try tea and see, see?
Good—nobody answered that time.
Coffee

EDUCATION

Art by Vic Martin

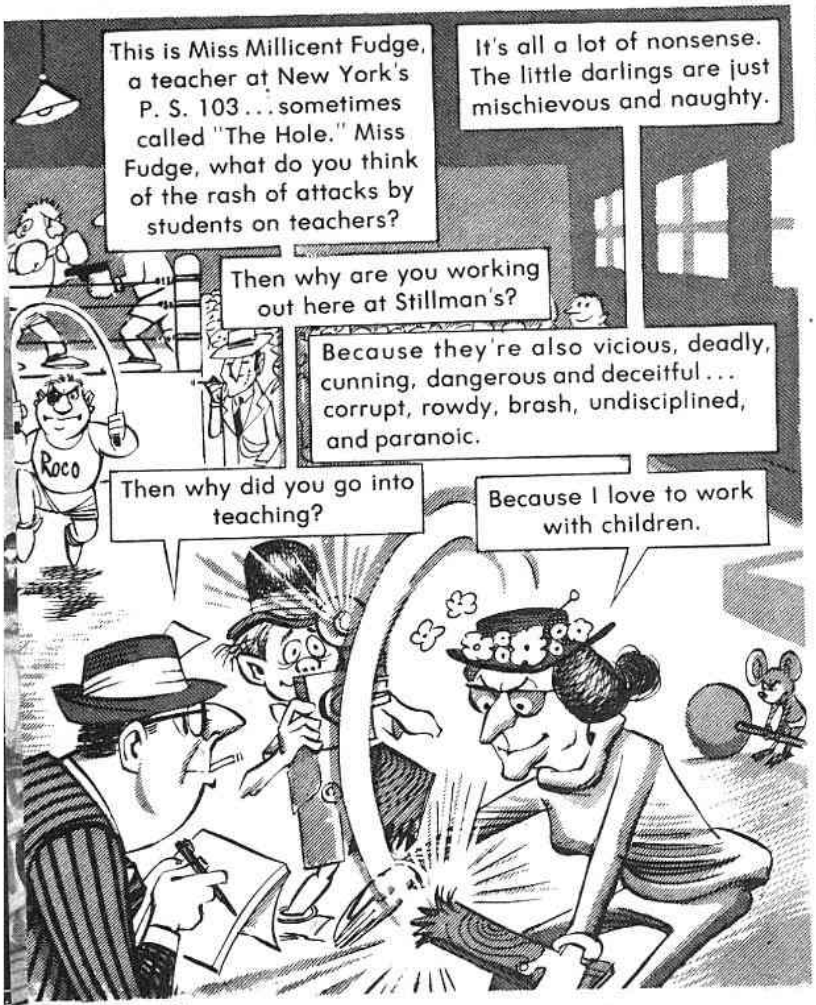
VIOLENCE in the Schools

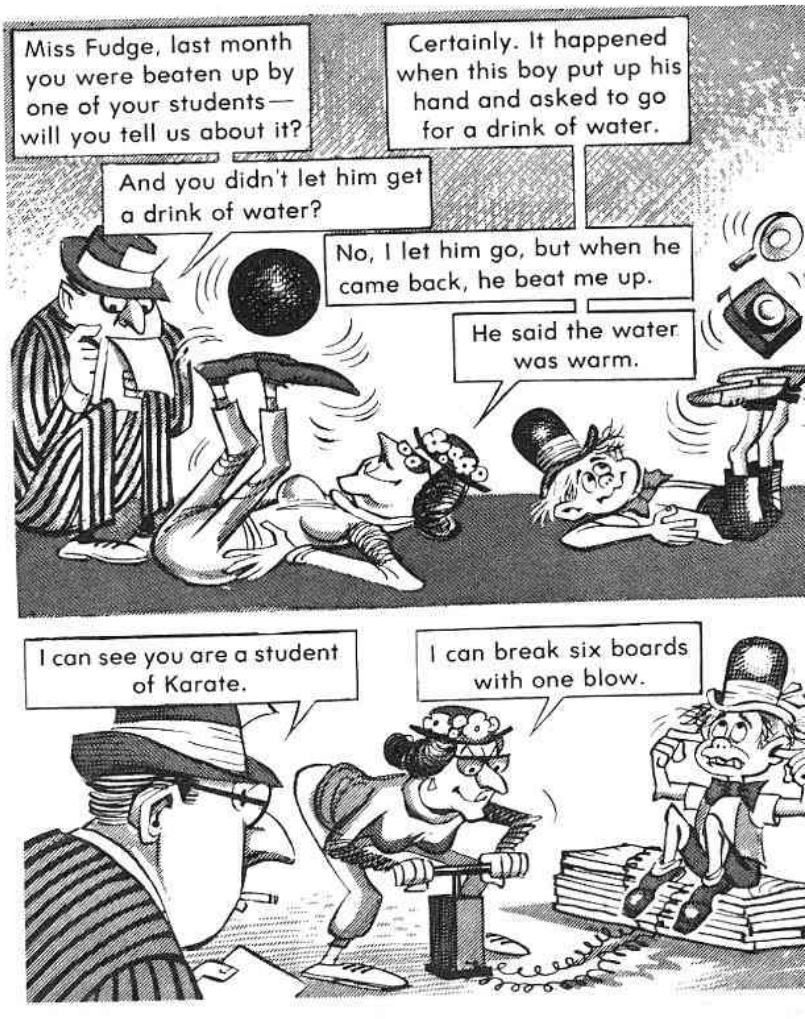


A rebellion against authority is sweeping our nation's schools. Several grade school students recently refused to salute the American flag. Such an incident really points up how times have changed. When we were in grade school, we had to salute the teacher—she was carrying a flag. our teacher was like that—she carried a flag when she went to sleep. She carried everything too far.

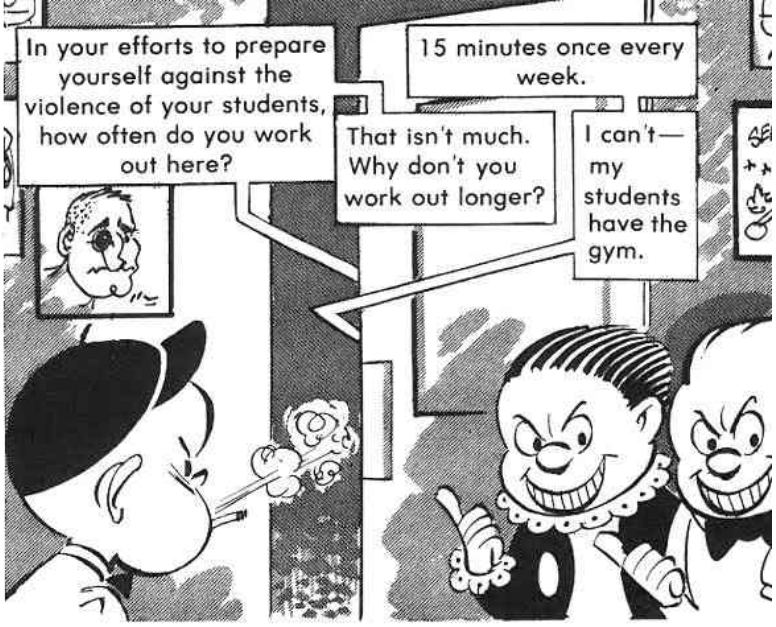
Lack of respect in our schools has become a serious problem. The Supreme Court has outlawed praying during school, but the nation's teachers are praying before school. The situation has gotten so bad that in some parts of the country students have openly and physically rebelled against teachers...

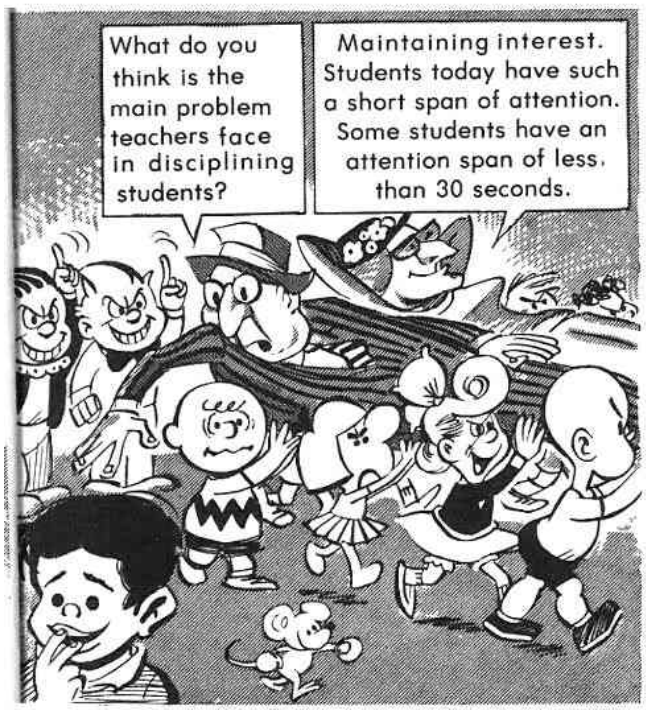
Recently, an unprecedented rash of attacks by students on their teachers has broken out in the New York City school system. What are the teachers doing about this menace? SICK takes you to Stillman's Gym to see how one teacher is coping with this problem.


This is Miss Millicent Fudge, a teacher at New York's P. S. 103... sometimes called "The Hole." Miss Fudge, what do you think of the rash of attacks by students on teachers?
It's all a lot of nonsense. The little darlings are just mischievous and naughty.
Then why are you working out here at Stillman's?
Because they're also vicious, deadly, cunning, dangerous and deceitful... corrupt, rowdy, brash, undisciplined, and paranoic.
Roco
Then why did you go into teaching?
Because I love to work with children.

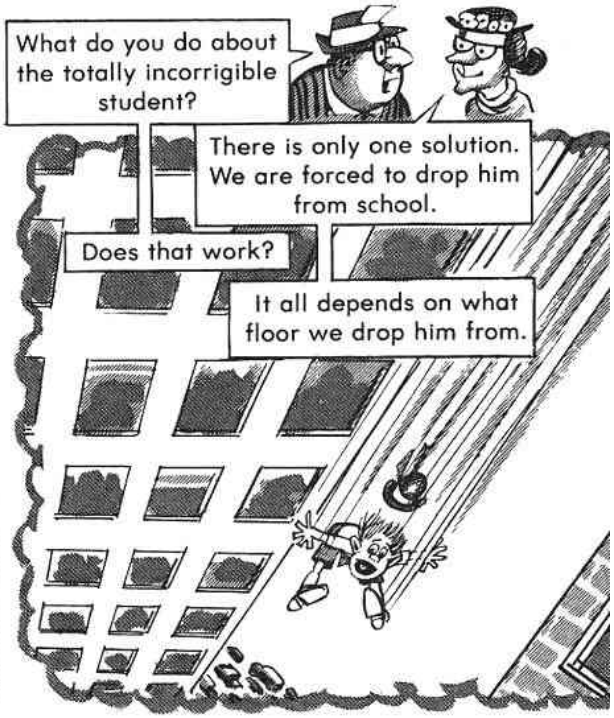

Miss Fudge, last month you were beaten up by one of your students— will you tell us about it?
Certainly. It happened when this boy put up his hand and asked to go for a drink of water.
And you didn't let him get a drink of water?
No, I let him go, but when he came back, he beat me up.
He said the water was warm.
I can see you are a student of Karate.
I can break six boards with one blow.

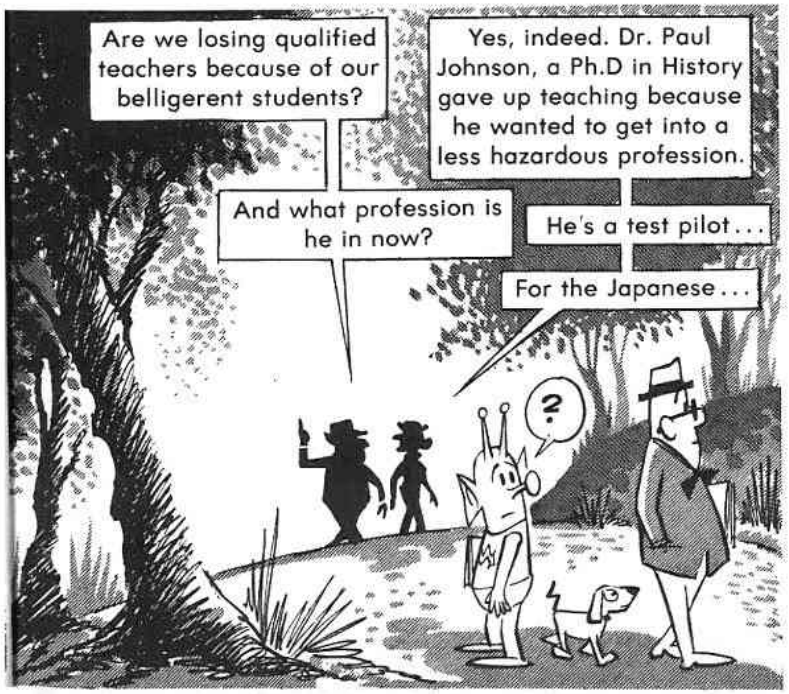
Has Karate helped you maintain discipline in the classroom?
Yes, last week when another boy got out of control in my classroom, I used Karate.
Did that stop him?
No, but I broke every desk in the room.


In your efforts to prepare yourself against the violence of your students, how often do you work out here?
15 minutes once every week.
That isn't much. Why don't you work out longer?
I can't— my students have the gym.


What do you think is the main problem teachers face in disciplining students?
Maintaining interest. Students today have such a short span of attention. Some students have an attention span of less. than 30 seconds.

That's incredible. What do you do about it?
About what?
VIC MARTIN


What do you do about the totally incorrigible student?
There is only one solution. We are forced to drop him from school.
Does that work?
It all depends on what floor we drop him from.


Are we losing qualified teachers because of our belligerent students?
Yes, indeed. Dr. Paul Johnson, a Ph.D in History gave up teaching because he wanted to get into a less hazardous profession.
And what profession is he in now?
He's a test pilot...
For the Japanese...
?

Miss Fudge, as a New York City schoolteacher, you're underpaid, you work long hours, and you're in constant fear of physical harm. Why do you remain in the teaching profession?
I'm too old to be a test pilot.

Hi, I'm SICK'S sickest comic. A lot of people have asked why I don't team up with the sickest comic, Lenny Bruce. I'll tell you. There are a lot of night clubs who would want me and not him and there are a lot of other night clubs who would want him and not me. Together we couldn't work any of these places.

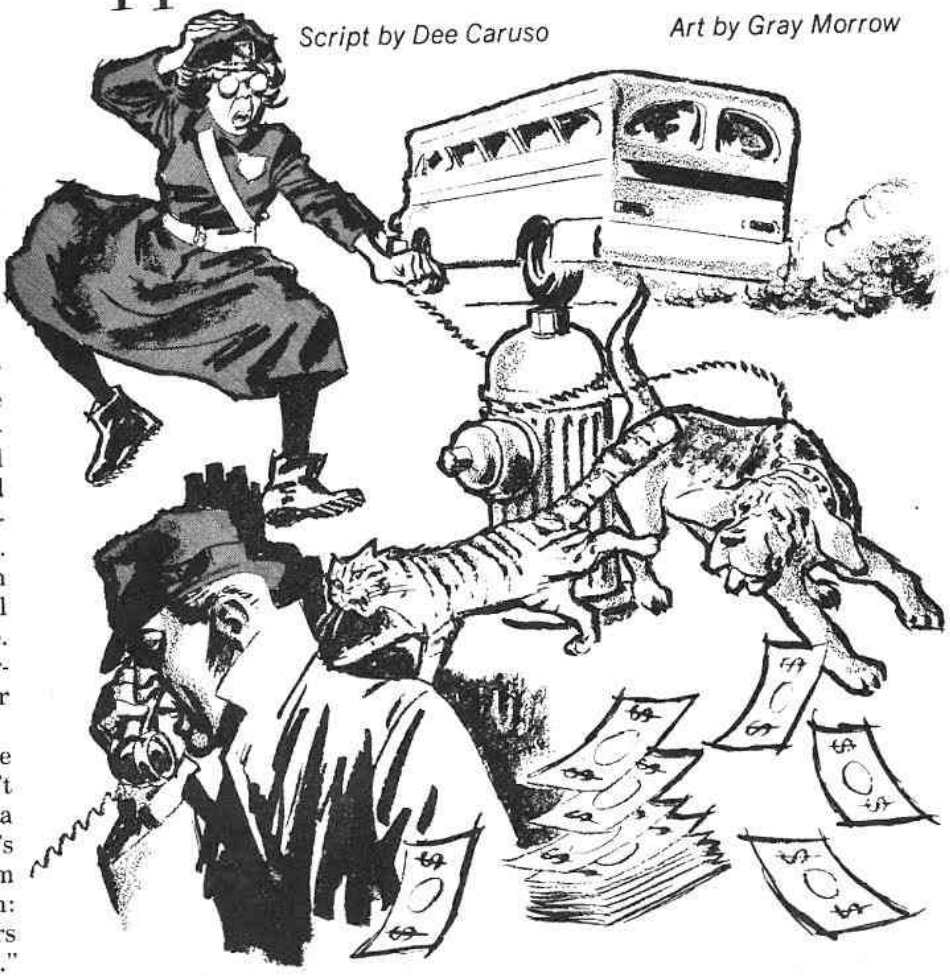
monologues for special occasions

Why don't Kidnappers Snatch POOR Kids?

Script by Dee Caruso *Art by Gray Morrow*

Did you read about the kidnapping of Frank Sinatra, Jr.? Frank paid $240,000 to get the boy back. My folks would only pay $24.00 for me. Have you ever wondered why kidnappers never snatch poor kids? I know why. Once, my kid brother, Herbie, was kidnapped. It was crazy—we were so poor, we used to get food packages from Europe.

You didn't hear about my brother Herbie's kidnapping. Of course not. The papers didn't bother covering it. It was such a small kidnapping, the FBI didn't send a man—even the local police department didn't want to handle it. One of those auxiliary police women who direct traffic at school crossings was sent in on the case. She didn't find anything. I understand the kids had to help her across the street.

The kidnappers didn't take Herbie away in a car—they couldn't afford one—they took him in a bus...bound and gagged. That's right—and nobody noticed him except the driver. He said to them: "If that bundle is over six years old, you have to pay full fare."

Then, the kidnappers called my mother, and said: "We've got your kid." My mother said: "Thank God, we were worried. As long as he's with you, its okay. Play nice, don't let him get too rough" and hung up.

The kidnappers called three times—collect. If they had paid for those calls, they would have lost money on the deal.

Then, they sent a ransom note. Momma threw the first ransom note away. It began: "Your son is in good hands." She thought it was an advertisement for car insurance.

Then, the kidnappers called and gave instructions for the drop-off. Momma kept getting the instructions mixed up. This went on for three months. Then, they had trouble settling on the ransom money. The thugs wanted $100.00. Momma thought she could get Herbie back for less. Momma told them: "Who do you think you've got—the Greenlease baby?"

Momma kept stalling, she felt that the longer she waited the more the price would come down. She was right, the kidnappers were getting panicky. They had held the kid for eight months and he was a growing boy. They were afraid by the time they released him, we wouldn't recognize him.

Finally, they settled on a price, $24.00—Momma put the $24.00 in small bills and marked them. She marked every bill "Ransom Money."

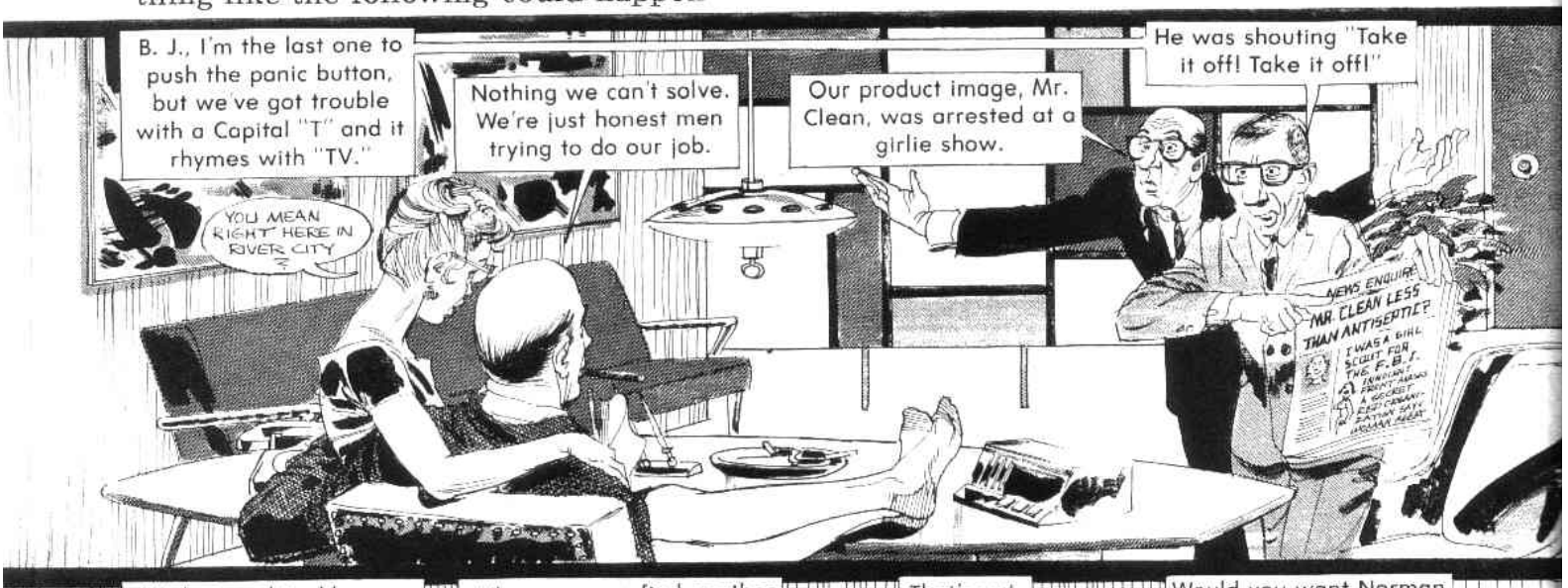
The dropoff point was a garbage can in front of the V & T Restaurant on Tremont and Nostrand Road. Their instructions were: "A neat package wrapped in newspapers tied with a cord." That was Herbie, the money was in an envelope.

When we paid off the $24.00, they released Herbie. He ran crying into Momma's arms and she hit him. Herbie yelled: "What did you hit me for? Could I help it if I got kidnapped?"

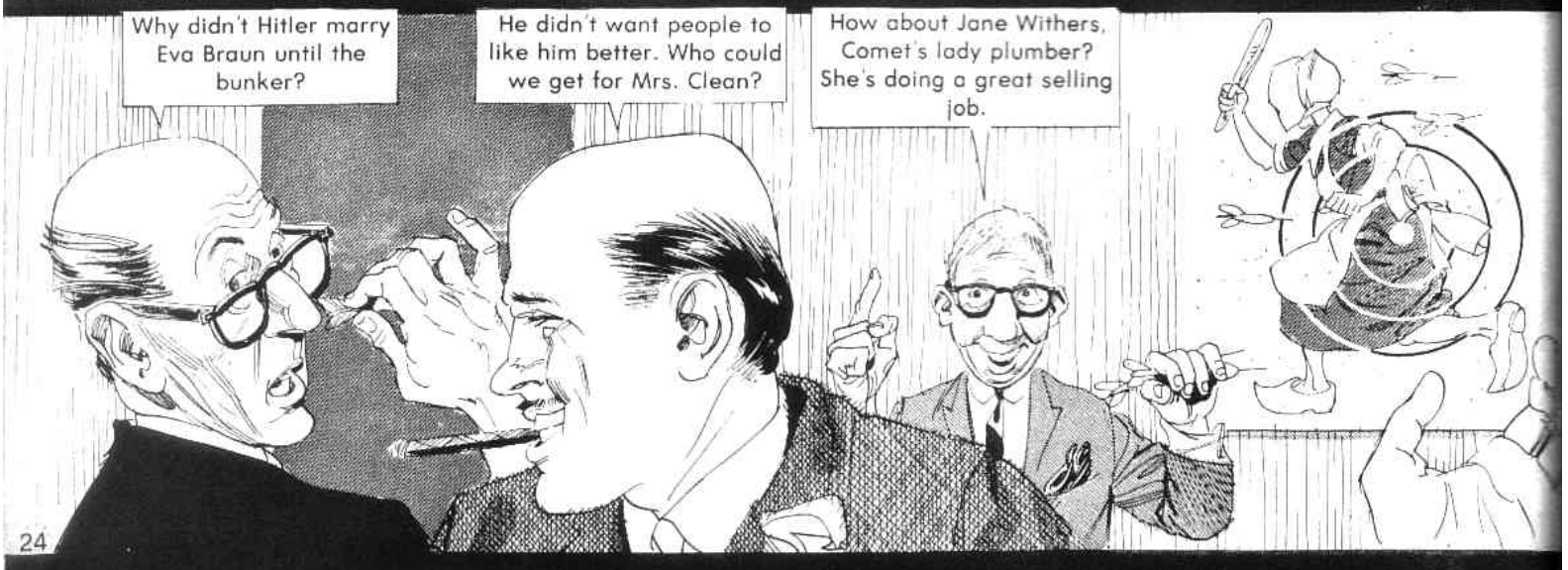
"No," Momma admitted, "but you didn't have to tell them your name."

Madison Ave.

Mr. Clean is the only household product with a human likeness. Which means something like the following could happen—


B. J., I'm the last one to push the panic button, but we've got trouble with a Capital "T" and it rhymes with "TV."
YOU MEAN RIGHT HERE IN RIVER CITY?
Nothing we can't solve. We're just honest men trying to do our job.
Our product image, Mr. Clean, was arrested at a girlie show.
He was shouting "Take it off! Take it off!"
NEWS ENQUIRER
MR. CLEAN LESS THAN ANTISEPTIC?
I WAS A GIRL SCOUT FOR THE F.B.I.

We're in a big dilemma, Chief. With a capital "D." Fame has gone to Mr. Clean's bald head. He's become a household word—his name is on everybody's sponge.
FAME
Where can we find another guy built like a bottle of liquid cleaner?
That's out.
We could re-design the bottle to look like Norman Vincent Peale.
Why, Chief?
Would you want Norman Vincent Peale sitting in your bathroom?


Why didn't Hitler marry Eva Braun until the bunker?
He didn't want people to like him better. Who could we get for Mrs. Clean?
How about Jane Withers, Comet's lady plumber? She's doing a great selling job.

ADVERTISING

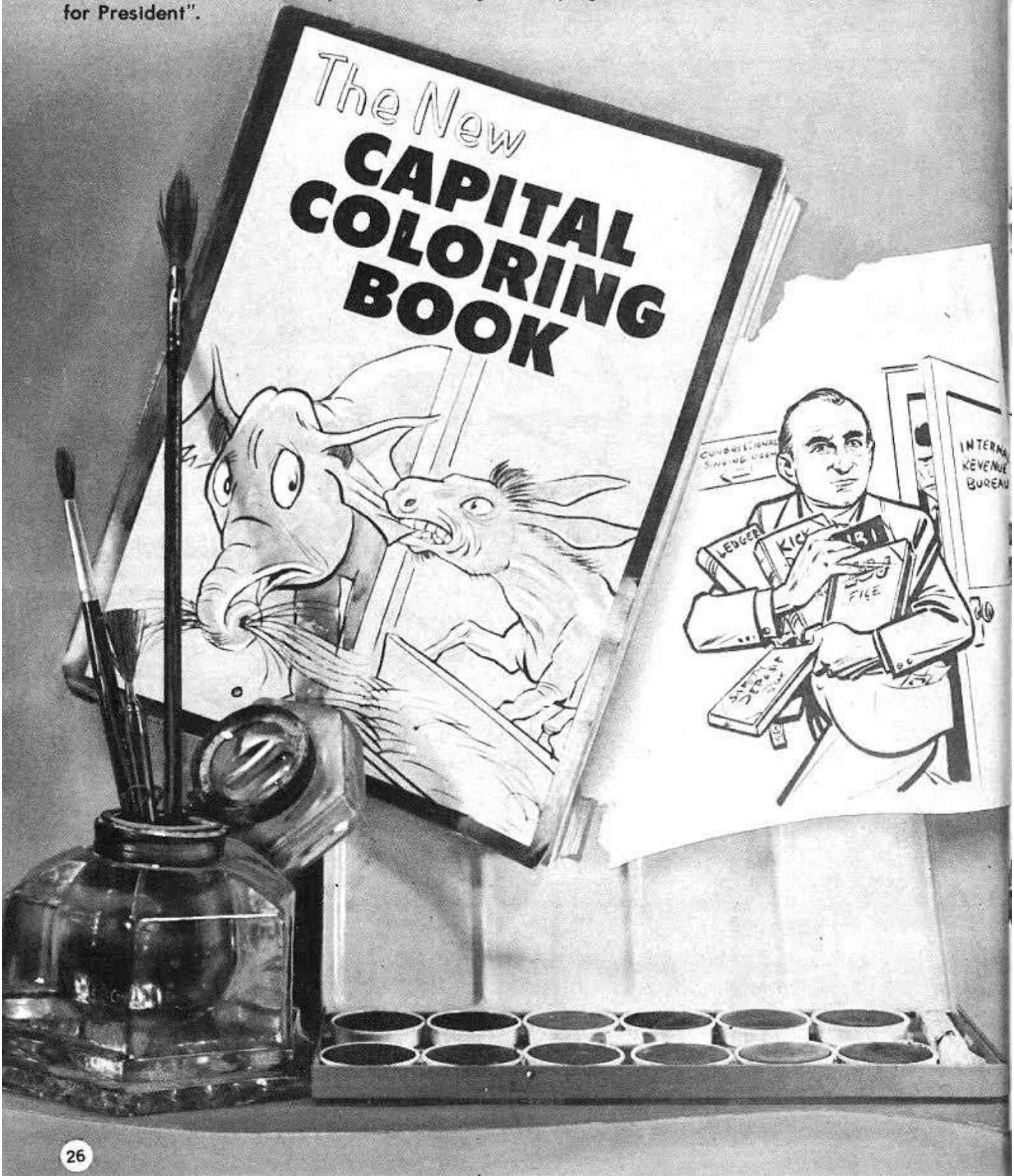
Conference

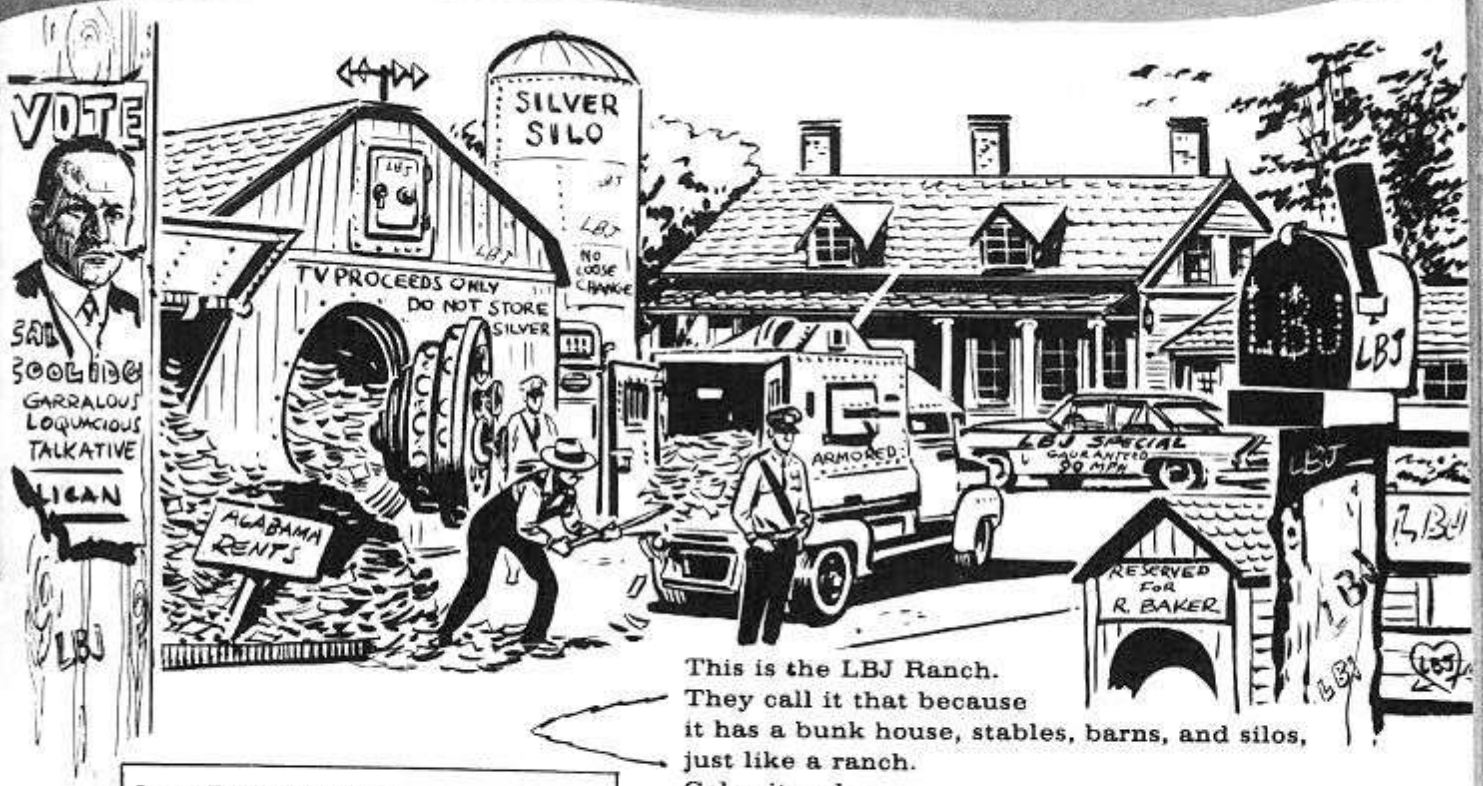
Art by Gray Morrow

What's wrong with that?
He kept shouting it during the magician's act.
Soon as I saw the earring in one ear, I knew we couldn't trust him.
Sophia wants Tuesdays and every other Thursday off and Calvin expects a gift every Christmas.
Let's face it, Skipper, Mr. Clean has a dirty mind.
I knew we should have gotten someone stable like Sophia the Maid or Calvin the janitor.
But, Coach, we can't have a dirty minded man as our public image. It will hurt sales.
Cleaning out the ashtrays, mein Captain.
I have a plan—we could get Mr. Clean married. The public accepts a married man.
Right, Drebling, you have to have clean ashtrays when you're only second best... What are you doing, Parks?
Don't use that liquid stuff—liquids lose cleaning power when they're diluted with water.
Good thinking, team. People would have liked Hitler better if he had married Eva Braun.
OL' ROCK N' KNAITHE
The best selling stuff in any plumber.
That's what I can't understand—she doesn't look a bit like the Comet can.
You can't have everything... Jane Withers it is. We'll give them a wedding fit for a king—maybe better.
Miss Jones, get me Jane Withers, Comet's lady plumber.
Where will I find her, Colonel?
I don't know—look under a sink.

And so Mr. Clean and Mrs. Comet were married and as they say on TV... They lived happily ever after this commercial announcement...

We think it's about time that someone with bad taste came out with a coloring book on the Texas administration. And we've got about as bad bad taste as anyone we know. It's interesting to note that when Ike listed the qualifications for the perfect Republican candidate, the only man who filled all qualifications was Lyndon Baines Johnson. Pollsters report that nobody can beat Johnson, which inspired the issuing of campaign buttons with the slogan: "Nobody for President".





This is the LBJ Ranch.
They call it that because
it has a bunk house, stables, barns, and silos,
just like a ranch.
Color it red—
Barn red, not that other kind.

I am Bobby Baker.
I was a Senate Page.
This is one page I bet
LBJ rips out of this coloring book.

I am a White House beagle.
Pull my ears
and you'll get in a lot of trouble.
Beagles are hunting dogs.
Right now I'm hunting for a new home.
Color my ears black-and-blue.

This is Lady Bird Johnson.
She is living proof
that behind every successful man
there is an Austin TV Station...
Color her smart.

I am Lynda Bird.
Color me lonely.
I was engaged to a Navy Lieutenant,
but Bernie broke our engagement.
We're going to go on seeing each other.
I think Bernie's sub surfaces
every six months.
Daddy has assigned him to
a nuclear sub

I am the White House Pool.
LBJ swims in me in the nude.
Color me blue.
I'm blue because
I'm not Brigitte Bardot's pool.

I am Cathy May Baker,
the little girl whose letter to LBJ
settled the rail strike.
Right now I'm writing letters to LBJ
on the Civil Rights Bill and Foreign Aid Appropriation.
LBJ sent me a letter which said:
I wish you a Happy First Communion
and hope you have many more of the same."

This is Endsville, West Virginia,
the chief target of LBJ's War on Poverty.
This is the **rich** section of Endsville.
We in the poverty pocket don't mind
the U. S. sending aid to Thailand.
We only mind when they ask **us**
to send aid to Thailand.
The terrible thing about poverty is
that it always attacks the poor people.
Color this drab.

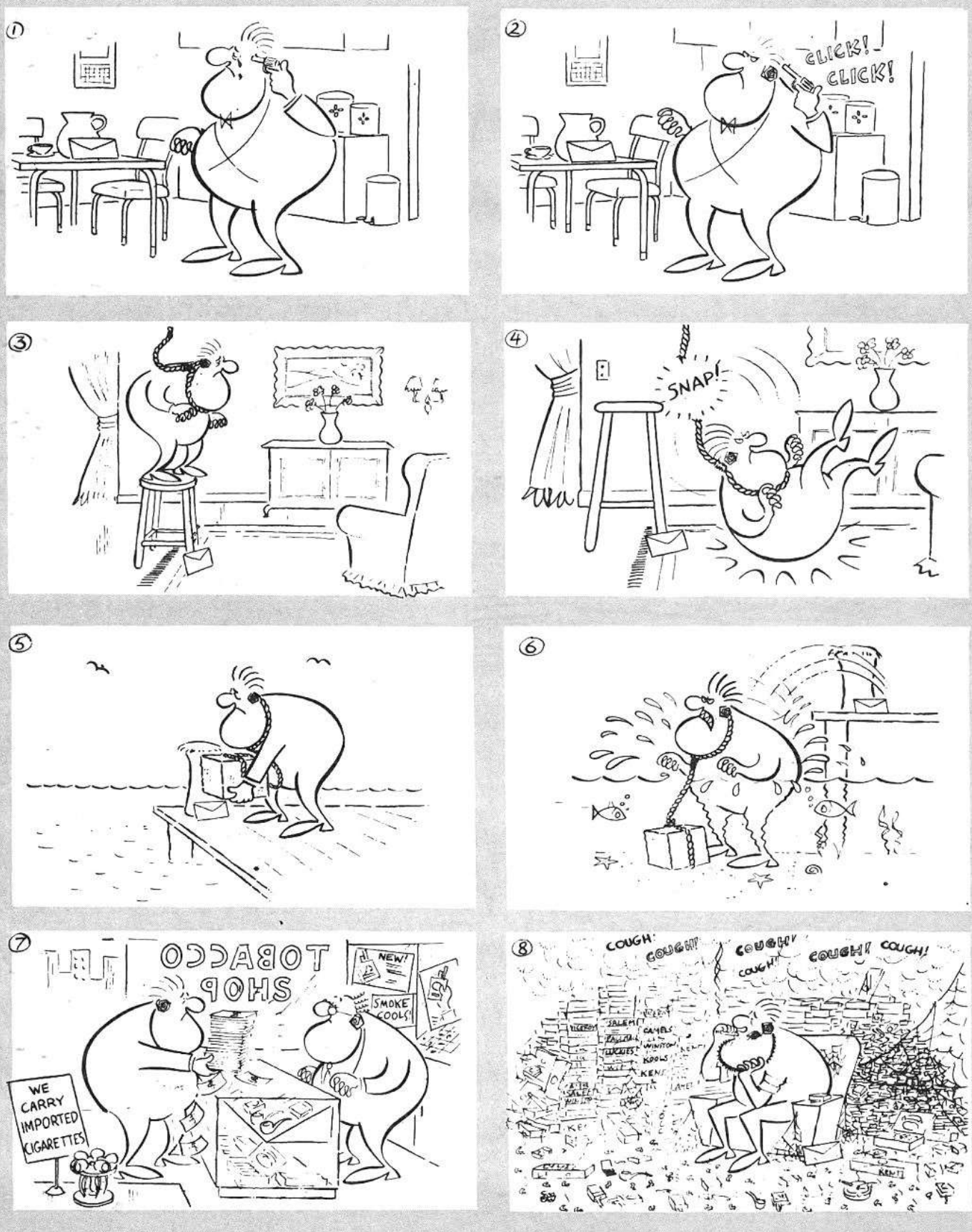
I am Lyndon Baines Johnson...
I am the President...of the...United States
And I speak...just like this...Because
some people say I am not too smart...
I say...if they are so smart, then,
why...are they not the President of the United States...
instead of me?
If you are so smart,
why are you reading this Coloring Book?
Don't get me wrong—
I am not against any book
regardless of race, creed, or coloring...
You see I intend to remain
the President of the United States.
Isn't that smart?

I am Barry Goldwater.
I don't want to be President
if that little kid is going to write me letters.
Color me red,
white and blue.

I am Richard Nixon.
How come I'm not
the President of the United States?
Color me in the White House.
Please!

SUICIDE ATTEMPT

by Caracu



The Pink Panther

"The Pink Panther" is advertised as having everything—color, action, alliteration. It sounds like a new lipstick by Helene Curtis. It also features one of the most versatile actors anywhere—Peter Sellers. In his last film, *"Dr. Strangelove,"* Peter played three parts. We're waiting for them to remake *"Gone With The Wind"* with Sellers playing all the roles. Somehow we can't see him as Brett Ashley.

Sellers really gets into his movie roles. When he played a labor leader in *"It's All Right, Jack!"* Sellers actually lived the part. He literally misused thousands of dollars of union funds and bribed four jurors. He wasn't even on trial at the time.

When he played a prison inmate in *"Two-Way Stretch,"* Sellers lived at Mersey Prison for 30 days and he still reports to a parole officer twice a week.

It interferes with his recent marriage. Sellers married Swedish star, Britt Ekland, this year. She says she thought Sellers was a concert pianist when she married him, an impersonation Sellers assumed for his role in *"The World of Henry Orient."*

Sellers practiced the piano ten hours a day in preparation for that role in order to get his hands nimble for the piana playing scenes. In the film, the studio used Van Cliburn's hands for concert scenes. Sellers played the concerts off camera, but the hands you see are Van Cliburn's.

Don't ask us why Van Cliburn's hands were used—the director says it seemed to make a lot of sense at the time. Martha Hyer started her film career as the offstage voice for Eleanor Parker. When Martha got her first singing role in a musical, she only mouthed the words as Eleanor Parker sang them off-stage. Frank Sinatra never uses a stand-in. He does all his own singing, swinging, and drowning. That kind of moxie you've got to admire.

Peter Sellers is most active in films today. When he suffered his heart attack, 50 Hollywood productions had to stop work.

Inspector Jacques Clouseau *(Sellers)* of the Paris police, who has devoted his career to pursuing, without success, the elusive jewel thief known as the Phantom, arrives with his lovely wife, Capucine, at the elegant ski resort in the Italian Alps. He believes the Phantom is about to strike again. He does not suspect that his wife is the Phantom's accomplice.

We can't figure out why it's so hard to catch the Phantom. He should be easy to spot in his purple suit and mask. Not many people dress that way.

When his wife can't sleep, the Inspector attempts to soothe her nerves by playing the violin. She complains: "Ever since your heart attack when the doctor said *no excitement*, something has gone out of our marriage."

"Yes, Dear, I know what you mean. I miss our nightly chess games too."

The inspector is on the right track. Princess Dela (Claudia Cardinale) has with her the world's most fabulous jewel, known as the Pink Panther. Seeking to steal it is the debonair playboy, David Niven (No, you thought they got Leo Gorcey for this part). Niven introduces his nephew, Robert Wagner, to the princess. Wagner has decided to follow in his uncle's footsteps. Where does one start to become a famous jewel thief? By stealing friendship rings?

Jewel thieves have a language all their own. A diamond is known as "ice." The Hope diamond is an "iceberg." The person who disposes of the stolen jewelry is a "fence." What the fence pays you for the jewels is "a run." Anything over the fence is a "home run."

Niven with the help of Capucine, has devised a scheme to steal the Pink Panther. (No, he came to Cortina to go skiing)—Capucine has to distract his nephew, Wagner, and her husband, Sellers, while Niven does the job. This should be easy, she distracted us throughout the whole movie. We don't know who stole what. There is a Hollywood rumor linking Capucine with William Holden. We don't believe it. At some time or other, every beautiful Hollywood star has been linked with William Holden. David Niven was once linked with William Holden. They did a movie together.

Niven succeeds in getting very close to Princess Dela. He feeds her champagne and she passes out on his tiger rug. Wouldn't it be funny if you went into a tiger's cave, and found a man lying across the floor? The tiger explained: "I found him in the jungle and threw him there—he's sort of a throw rub."

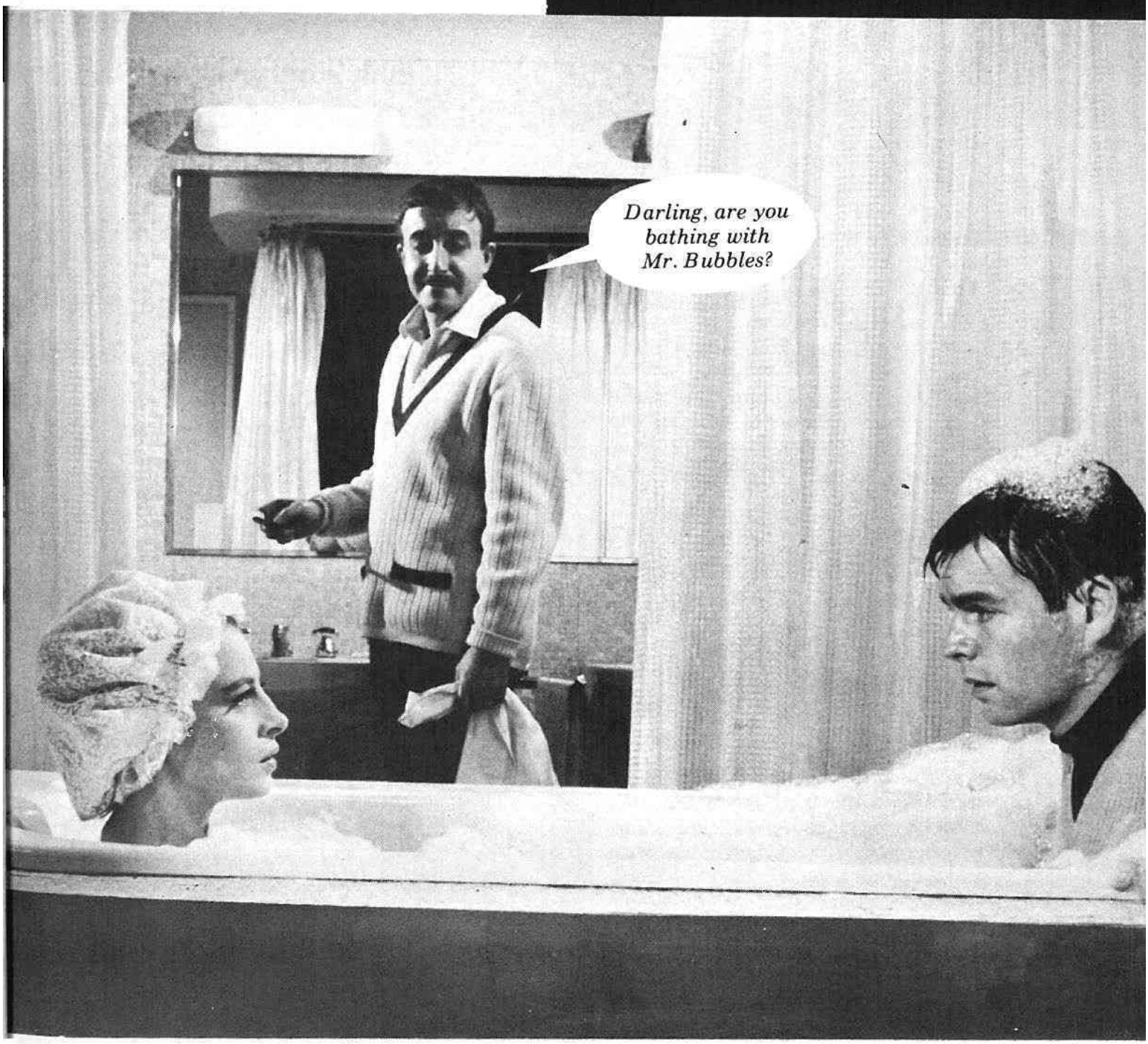
A tiger rug on the floor means a lover in the apartment. One romeo we know has a real tiger. His girl friend would scream and he'd reassure her: "Don't worry, he's trained." Then, he would tell her what the tiger was trained to do.

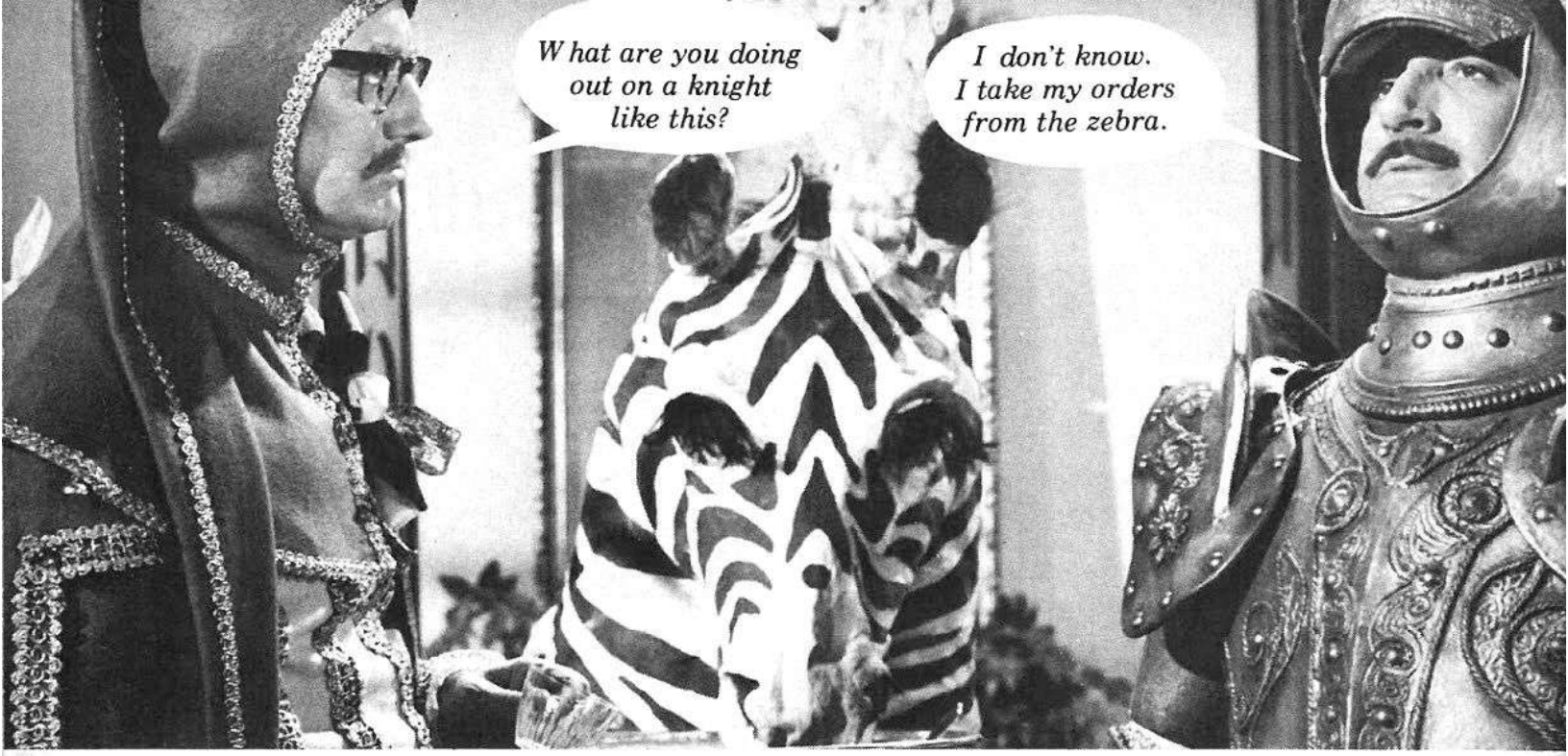
MOVIE SPOOF

"The Pink Panther" is billed as "a modern comedy marked by hip elegance, frantic farce and unconventional romance." We thought it was a modern comedy marked by hip elegance, frantic farce and unconventional romance.

The Blake Edwards Production for Mirisch Company, stars Sellers, David Niven, Robert Wagner, Capucine (which sounds like an espresso drink) and Claudia Cardinale. The motion picture was shot on exotic locations in Rome Florence, Venice and on the ski slopes of the swank Cortina D'Ampezzo. You can't buy tickets at the box office, you have to see your travel agent.

Capucine is having her troubles keeping the three men apart. In a moment of near chaos, she finds herself hiding with Wagner in the bathtub, while David is under the bed and her husband is wandering around the suite. Sellers doesn't suspect anything until that night. He finds a ring in the bathtub—a friendship ring.





The princess tosses a masquerade party. Sellers is certain the Phantom will strike. The man from Lloyd's of London and the chief inspector, disguised as a zebra, are all on the alert.

The inspector captures Niven and Wagner, but the Pink Panther cannot be found. How do you disguise a pink panther? Easy. You paint it black and change the license plates.

At the high point of his life's work, the Inspector brings Niven and his accomplice to trial. The defense calls the Inspector who is forced to answer some embarrassing questions. French justice is strange. In France a man is guilty until he is proven innocent, whereas here a man is innocent until he is caught.

Also, in France you can do anything for love—even murder. For instance, if you shot at Charles DeGaulle, they'd send you to prison, but if you said you were having an affair with DeGaulle's wife, that would make it a crime of passion. The court would let you go and probably give you a medal. DeGaulle would present the medal himself and then shoot his wife—that's French justice.

The inspector eventually wins the admiration of the crowd. He leaves the courtroom and is surrounded by adoring women, who shower him with flowers, kisses and admiration.

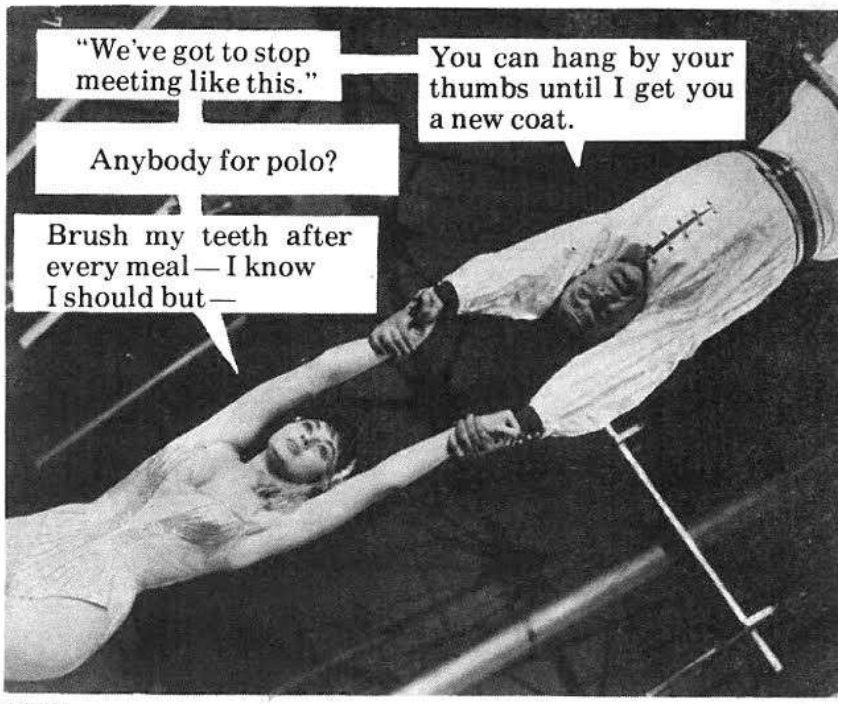
The film makers were operating on the theory that being on trial makes a man attractive to women. We don't know about that—it hasn't made Jimmy Hoffa irresistible. Although since his Nashville trial, he *has* gotten more dates. He has a date in Chattanooga, a date in Atlanta, a date in Chicago.

SO YOU WANT TO BE A Picture Caption WRITER

Our Picture Caption contest has been a big success. We've received over 6,000 entries from Iran, New Zealand, Australia, Viet Nam, Indo China and even some from this country. A lot of readers have been making a party game out of picture captions—getting their friends to try to think up captions and then comparing captions. The player with the most good captions is declared the most ingenious and imaginative at the party and the rest of the group gang up on him and kick his teeth out. If your caption isn't listed below, don't feel too badly—our sense of judgement left us after the first 2,000 entries.

When the swelling goes down, we'll start another contest. Right now we're trying to win back our postman.

If the dog wouldn't eat it, why should I?
What's a nice guy like you doing in a place like this?
You should do something about that complexion of yours.


"We've got to stop meeting like this."
You can hang by your thumbs until I get you a new coat.
Anybody for polo?
Brush my teeth after every meal—I know I should but—

WINNERS

Arthur Marchand
1320 Drexel Avenue
Miami Beach, Florida

Mike Scott
RRI c/o Norman Ballard
Lupton, Michigan

Buene M. Kerr, Jr.
6612 Hillcrest
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Marlin R. Yost
R. 442 Chestnut
Conemaugh, Pennsylvania

Sgt. E. H. Harrison
Hq Btry 1st Bn 333 Arty
APO 185 New York, N. Y.

John Wrebel
7701 South Troy
Chicago 52, Illinois

Mike Martelle
21532 South Military
Dearborn, Michigan

Kermit Herbaugh
252-19th
Longview, Wisconsin

R. Bruce Pike
300 Center Street
North Wales, Pennsylvania

L. B. Nestle
P. O. Box 426
Manila, Phillippines

SO YOU WANT TO BE A PERFORMER? LET'S SEE HOW WELL YOU DO WITH THESE TWO SCRIPTS WRITTEN IN THE STYLE OF OUTSTANDING COMICS---

SICK SKIT number 1

The Old Trooper

For our money two of the funniest people alive are Elaine May and Mike Nichols. They have forsaken comedy of late to turn to other fields — directing and playwriting, but we miss their comedy performances. Here is a sketch in the style of Elaine and Mike — it's an interview with a little-known member of the show business profession — not a star, not even a supporting player, but a hard-working performer, the type you never hear about... Elaine is the interviewer. Mike is the old trooper.

Script by Dee Caruso

Art by Angelo Torres

Where've you been working, Ralph, since we last had you on Maggie McGraham's "Girl's Corner?"
My agent has gotten me some top bookings...I worked in Venezuela six weeks during the height of the revolution. I did a split week in Tanginika during the height of the uprising and I worked in Viet Nam... North Viet Nam...That's the kind of dates my agent has been getting me.
Key spots in big clubs over the world.
Yes, Maggie — I did a benefit on Cyprus — actually I did two shows — one in Greek and one in Turkish... I'm working Christmas week in Cambodia.

Wonderful, Ralph. That means you'll be there in December?

Wrong, Maggie. In Cambodia, Christmas week is the second week in July... The amazing thing about it is they always have snow...

How seasonal.

Yes, I'm thrilled about that booking. On Christmas my agent wants me to work nearer home — to be near my kids for the holidays.

How touching. Where are you working Christmas, Ralph?

Iceland.

Oh, what club there? In case some of our listeners want to catch you?

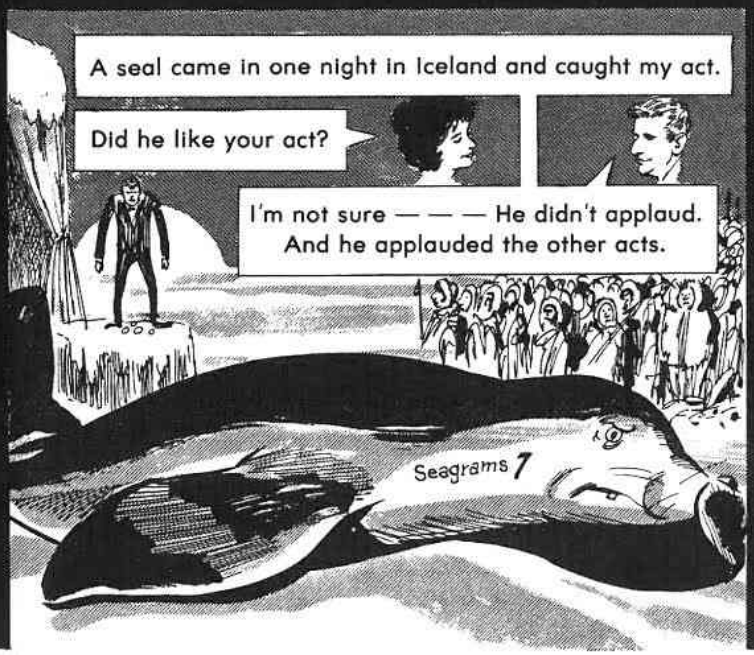
No club. I'm doing a school picnic.

Good exposure — you never know who might be in the audience and spot you... A Hollywood agent, a Broadway talent scout.

A seal came in one night in Iceland and caught my act.

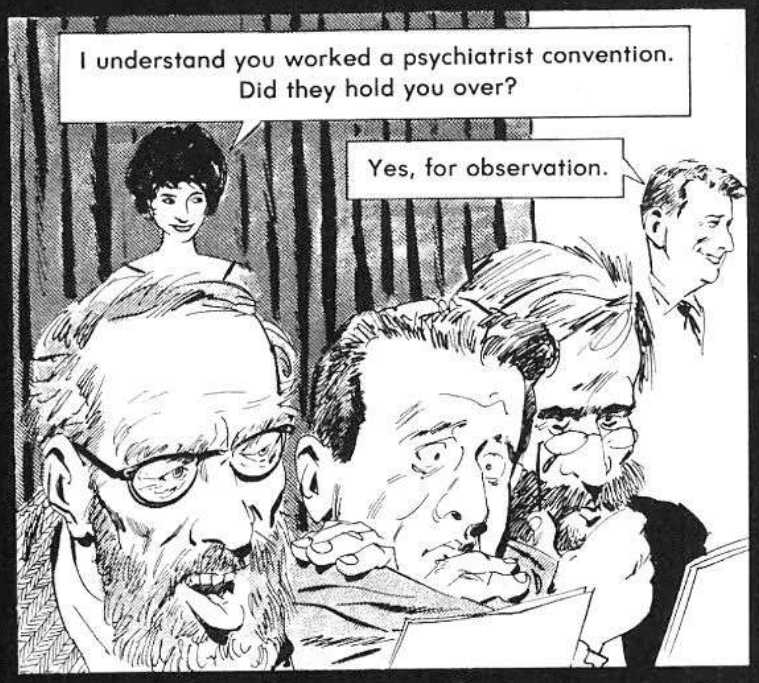
Did he like your act?

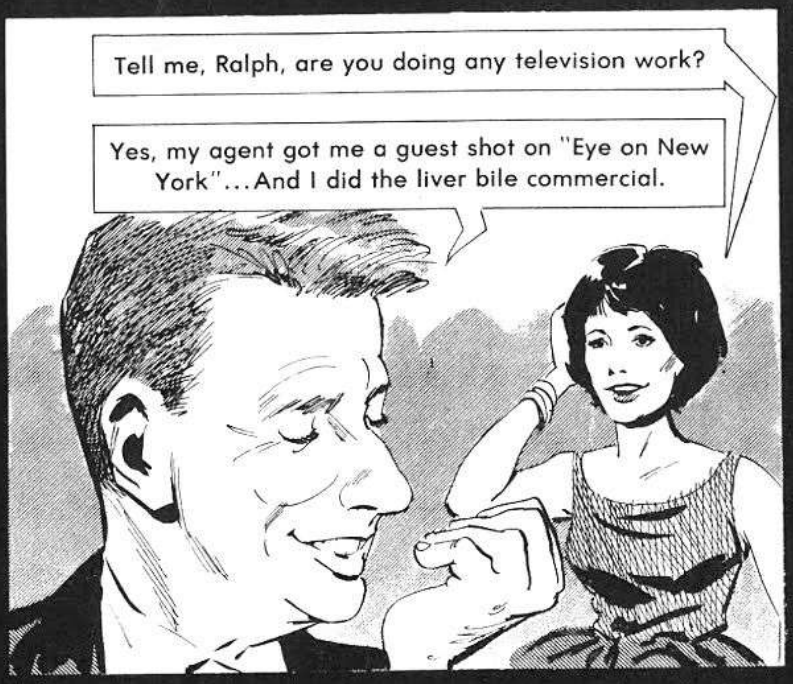
I'm not sure — — — He didn't applaud. And he applauded the other acts.

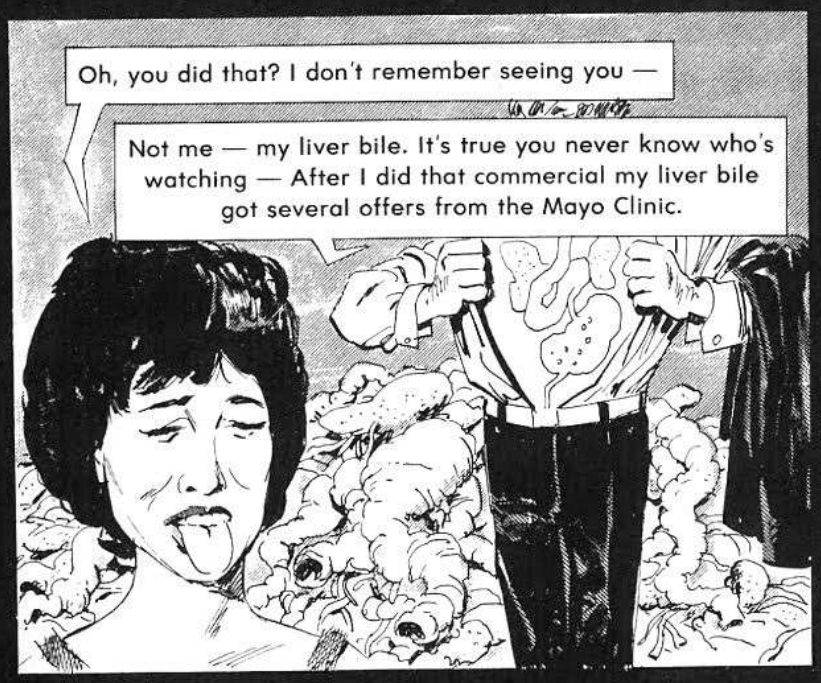


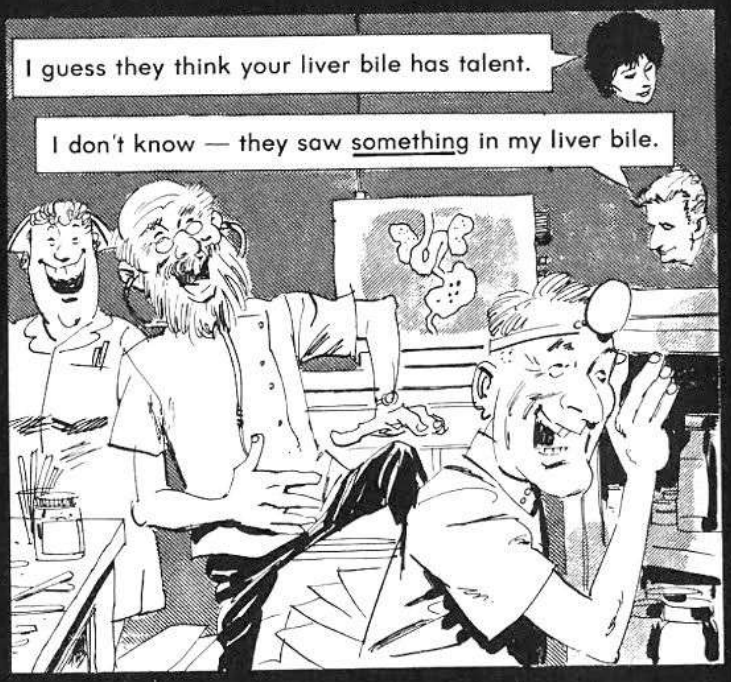
Where else are you working?

Besides the spots I've mentioned, I'm also working a lot of out-of-the-way spots. I'm doing a few club dates at a trappist monastery. Trappist monks are a tough audience, you can't count on word of mouth with them... Last year, I had my toughest date — I worked the Eichmann jury. Didn't get a smile all night.


I understand you worked a psychiatrist convention. Did they hold you over?
Yes, for observation.


Tell me, Ralph, are you doing any television work?
Yes, my agent got me a guest shot on "Eye on New York"... And I did the liver bile commercial.


Oh, you did that? I don't remember seeing you —
Not me — my liver bile. It's true you never know who's watching — After I did that commercial my liver bile got several offers from the Mayo Clinic.


I guess they think your liver bile has talent.
I don't know — they saw something in my liver bile.

Tell me, Ralph, it's been so long since I've seen you work — what does your act consist of?
I do impressions on top, several husband and wife jokes and then I close with funny stories.

Oh, you're a standup comic?
No, I'm a juggler.

But why the impressions, the husband and wife jokes and the funny stories?
I'm a lousy juggler. I tell jokes to keep people's minds off my juggling. My specialty is balancing a pitcher full of water and seven glasses on a tray by a pool cue I hold in my teeth. It is a stunt that has been attempted by the top jugglers of the world and none of them could do it.
And you do it in your act?
No — I *attempt* it in my act. I can't do it, either. I have trouble balancing the pool cue.
Oh, I see — you close your act with an unsuccessful attempt to do this impossible trick?
That's right — it gets me a big hand.
Then, what do you do for your encore?
I try to do the trick again.
Do you think you'll ever learn to do that trick?
I don't want to.
Why not?
Then what would I do for my encore?

Jonathan Winters is SICK's favorite comedian. Since we let him do a monologue in the March issue, readers have written in for more of Winters. Right now, we are unable to reach Jonathan, he thinks he's a robin. But here is another monologue in his style.

Filter Tips

This is a LARK cigarette. They advertise that the charcoal granules in their filter are the same charcoal granules used in submarines to purify the air so men can breath the same air for months. So by smoking a LARK, I'm depriving our servicemen in a submarine somewhere of fresh air.
Can you see what the war movies will do with this idea? You know the scene where the guys are sitting around in the sub at the bottom of the ocean and the air is getting scarce? Then, the captain remembers he has a few cartons of LARK cigarettes aboard. They break open the filters and let loose the charcoal granules. Then, they send in the coupons and get a new deck gun and a mascot for the sub — a South African tiger.

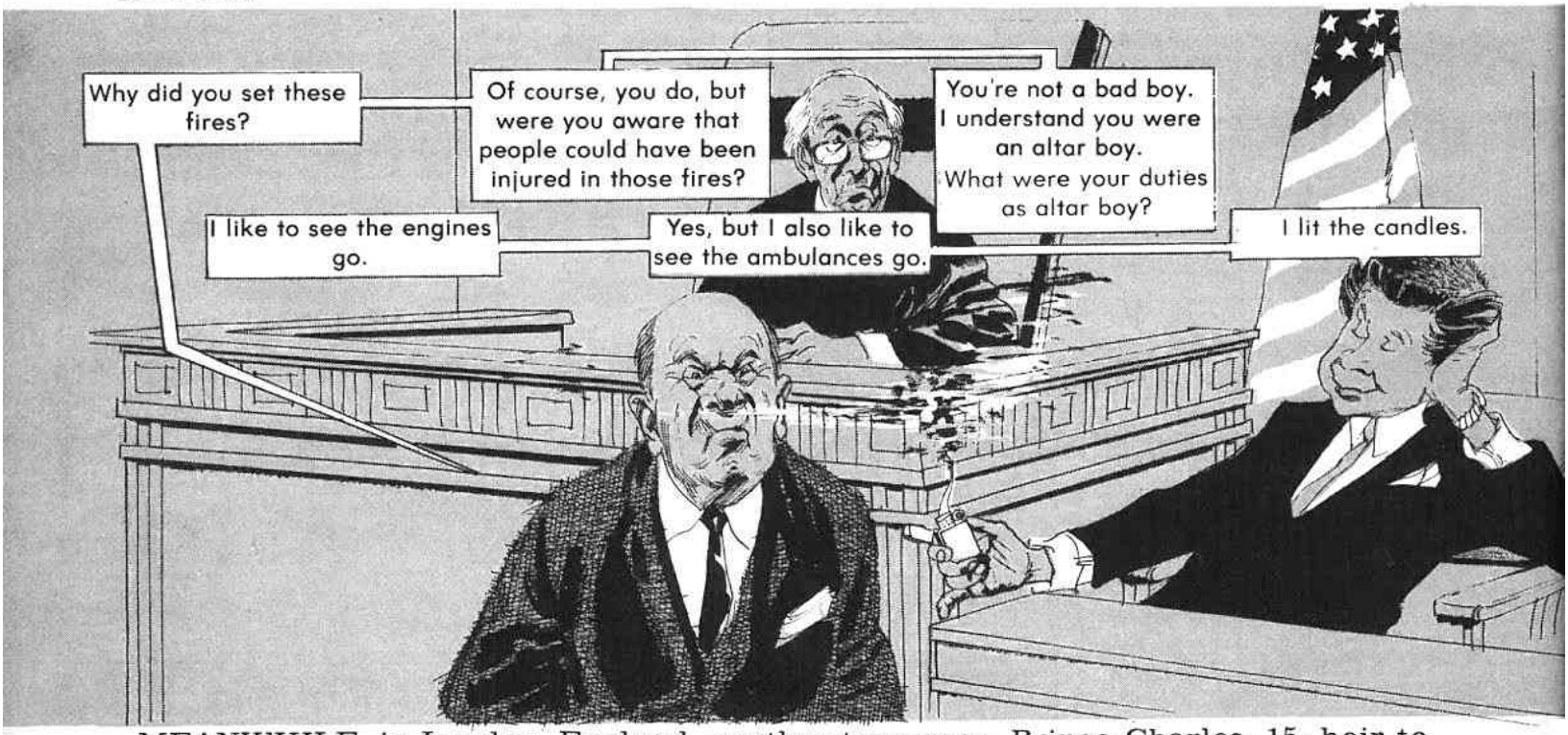
Can you picture a tiger as a mascot on a submarine? They would have to redecorate the sub to look like a jungle. They'd have to surface to take the tiger for a walk.
Tigers are not dangerous because they will not attack unless they are above you. If you stand over a tiger, he will not attack. That's why you've never heard of anyone being attacked by a tiger rug...People have been known to be attacked *on* a tiger rug...but never by one.
The secret in dealing with a tiger is never show fear. If you happen to meet a tiger — either in the jungle or aboard a submarine, act nonchalant...Engage him in conversation. Offer him a cigarette. Then, while he's lighting up, blow his brains out.
You know that statistics show — smoking kills more tigers...

Art by Gray Morrow

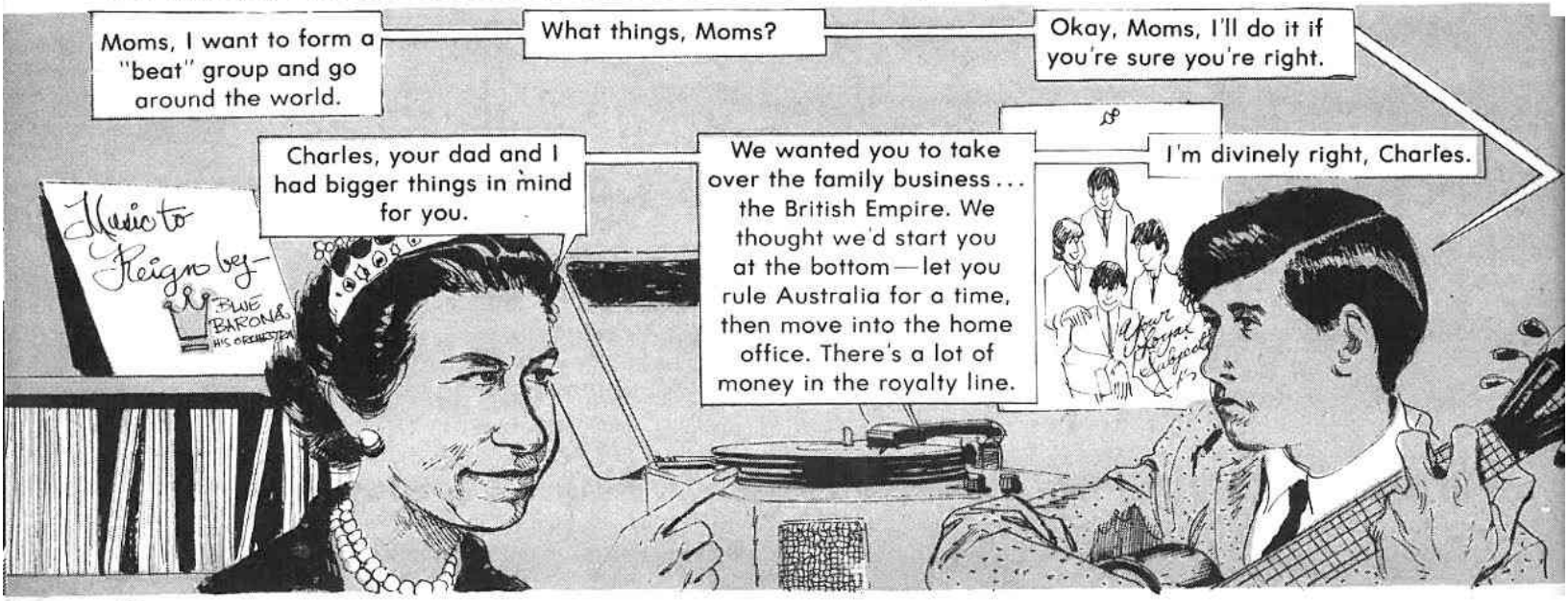
Teens *in the* News

This is a new department of news about teen-agers. From time to time SICK will report what the average teen-agers are doing.

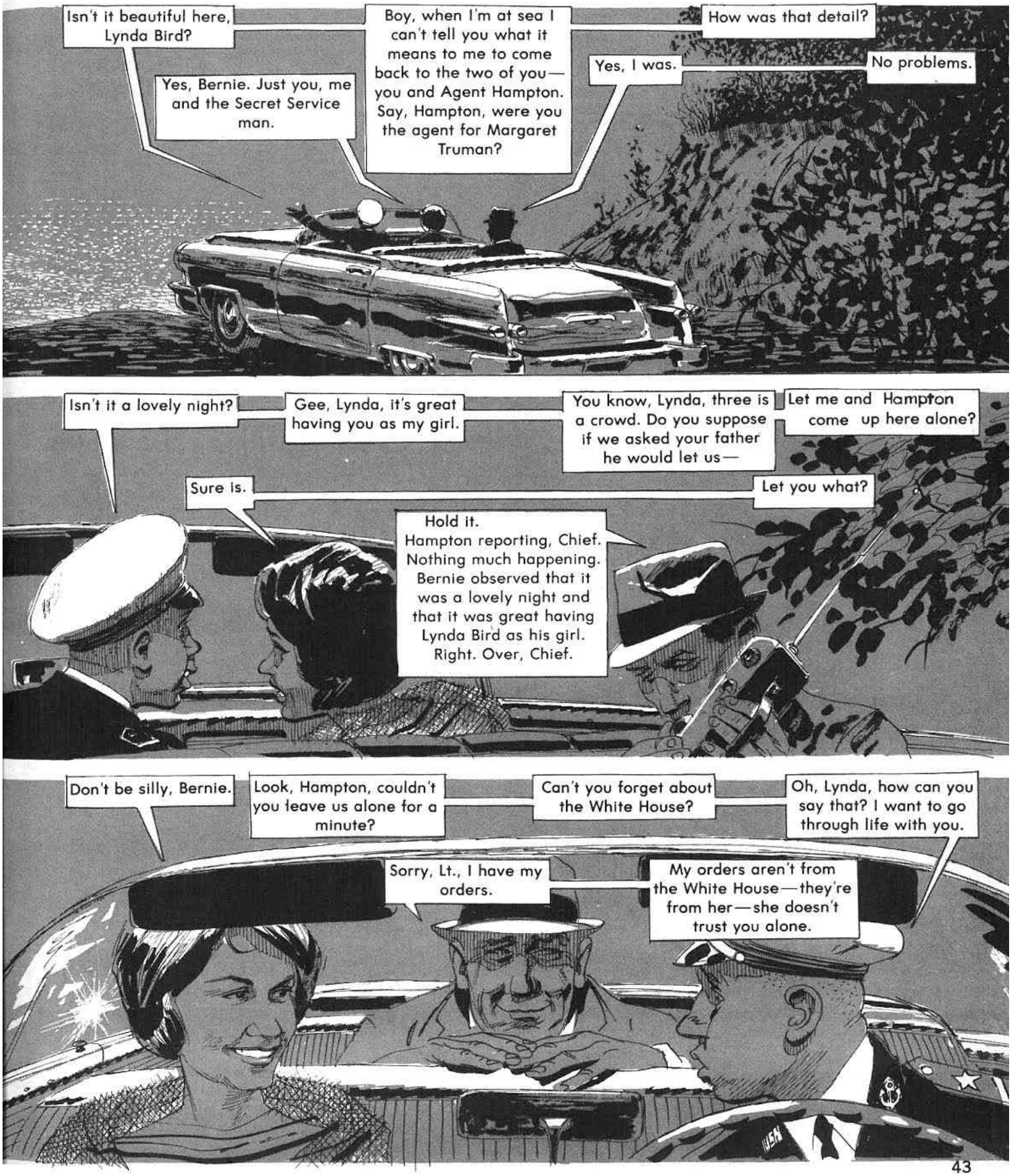
In New Jersey a teen-age boy was jailed for setting ten fires in the community. He explained: "I like to see the engines go." We imagine his trial could go something like this:


Why did you set these fires?
I like to see the engines go.
Of course, you do, but were you aware that people could have been injured in those fires?
Yes, but I also like to see the ambulances go.
You're not a bad boy. I understand you were an altar boy. What were your duties as altar boy?
I lit the candles.

MEANWHILE, in London, England, another teen-ager, Prince Charles, 15, heir to the throne, told his mother he wants to form a beat group.


Moms, I want to form a "beat" group and go around the world.
What things, Moms?
Okay, Moms, I'll do it if you're sure you're right.
Charles, your dad and I had bigger things in mind for you.
We wanted you to take over the family business... the British Empire. We thought we'd start you at the bottom—let you rule Australia for a time, then move into the home office. There's a lot of money in the royalty line.
I'm divinely right, Charles.

And in Washington, D. C., a former teen-ager, Lynda Bird Johnson, had an unpleasant experience.


Isn't it beautiful here, Lynda Bird?
Yes, Bernie. Just you, me and the Secret Service man.
Boy, when I'm at sea I can't tell you what it means to me to come back to the two of you—you and Agent Hampton. Say, Hampton, were you the agent for Margaret Truman?
Yes, I was.
How was that detail?
No problems.
Isn't it a lovely night?
Sure is.
Gee, Lynda, it's great having you as my girl.
You know, Lynda, three is a crowd. Do you suppose if we asked your father he would let us—
Let me and Hampton come up here alone?
Let you what?
Hold it. Hampton reporting, Chief. Nothing much happening. Bernie observed that it was a lovely night and that it was great having Lynda Bird as his girl. Right. Over, Chief.
Don't be silly, Bernie.
Look, Hampton, couldn't you leave us alone for a minute?
Sorry, Lt., I have my orders.
Can't you forget about the White House?
My orders aren't from the White House—they're from her—she doesn't trust you alone.
Oh, Lynda, how can you say that? I want to go through life with you.

What did you say, Bernie?
He wants to go through life with you.
Lynda, this is impossible. Does he have to go everywhere we go? Why we can't go to a movie he doesn't like.
What's the matter, Lt., don't you like musicals?
I'm sorry, Lynda, I can't go on seeing you and Hampton any more.
PTUI
I suppose you want your ring back. Here.
And here's mine.
Hello, Chief, a lot has happened since I spoke to you last. Bernie asked Lynda to give him his ring back and he took mine back too.
Let me talk to him.
Okay, but it's against regulations.
Hello, Daddy, I'll be right home.

SICK SICK SICK WORLD

(Continued from page 15)

Richard Nixon had this to say about South Viet Nam: "The U. S. should stay in Viet Nam until the menace is over. The greatest need at the present time is for one voice to enunciate our policy and one voice only." Okay, if you'll shut up for a minute...

A convict now doing 3 to 7 years at Attica State Prison has been charged with keeping narcotics in a bank vault. His name is Willard Williams but he had the nickname of "Trees." When a fellow inmate at Attica was asked about him, he replied: "I think that I shall never see—a poem as lovely as Trees."

* *

MINUTE INTERVIEW WITH A CLOWN OF BARNUM AND BAILEY CIRCUS:

Question: There is a tradition of the circus world that every clown is really sad. That behind the mask of laughter and fun lies a broken heart. Is it true that behind your mask of laughter and fun lies a broken heart?

CLOWN: What?

Question: Are you unhappy?

CLOWN: I'm suicidal.

QUESTION: Aren't you happy when you make children laugh?

CLOWN: No, kids bug me. Why can't they leave decent people alone?

QUESTION: In the movie, "Greatest Show on Earth," Jimmy Stewart played a clown who had once been a famous neural surgeon. Is that ridiculous?

CLOWN: Preposterous.

QUESTION: What were you before you became a clown?

CLOWN: A famous neural surgeon. A lot of clowns were.

QUESTION: And you made one mistake?

CLOWN: Yes. I became a clown.

QUESTION: If you were a famous neural surgeon, why did you become a clown?

CLOWN: I don't know—all the other neural surgeons were becoming clowns.

QUESTION: And still you're unhappy?

CLOWN: It's terrible to be unloved.

QUESTION: But the whole world loves a clown.

CLOWN: Then, why doesn't anybody like George Wallace?

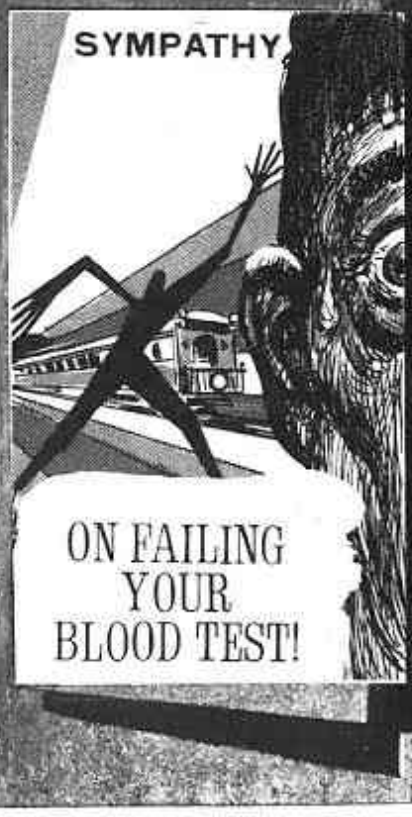
for collectors... THE SATIRE THAT JFK LOVED--

Printed before Dallas, this highly acclaimed picture-caption book is now being offered for sale in order to contribute (50% of all profits) to the JFK MEMORIAL LIBRARY

Georgie Jessel says: "LOOK WHO'S TALKING" is a warm memory of the wonderful humor of The NEW FRONTIER... Not for squares!"

Send 50c per copy (for attractive 8"x11" stiff-cover "paperback" volume) to *"Look Who's Talking,"* 32 W. 22 Street, New York 10, New York.

Sympathy Cards for Our



CONDOLENCES...

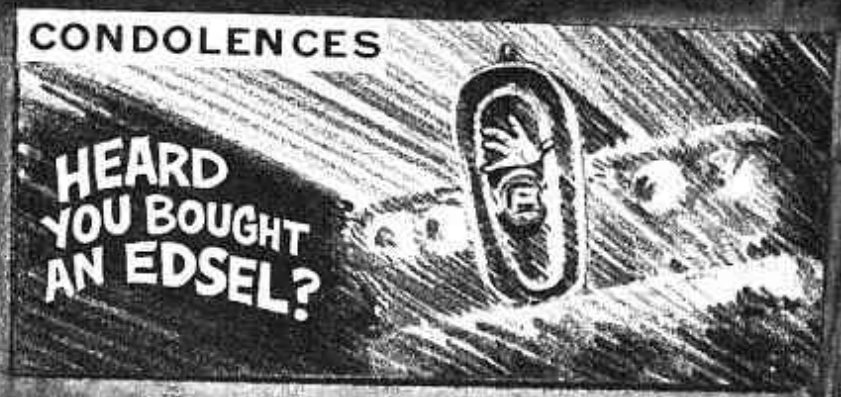
TO A NEW YORK METS FAN

COOL IT

SO YOUR CONNECTION DIDN'T SHOW UP!

Modern Age

CONDOLENCES



Our SYMPATHY...

ON HEARING YOUR UNDERARM DEODORANT FAILED!

POOR THING...

SO YOU WENT AND GOT MARRIED!

CONDOLENCES...

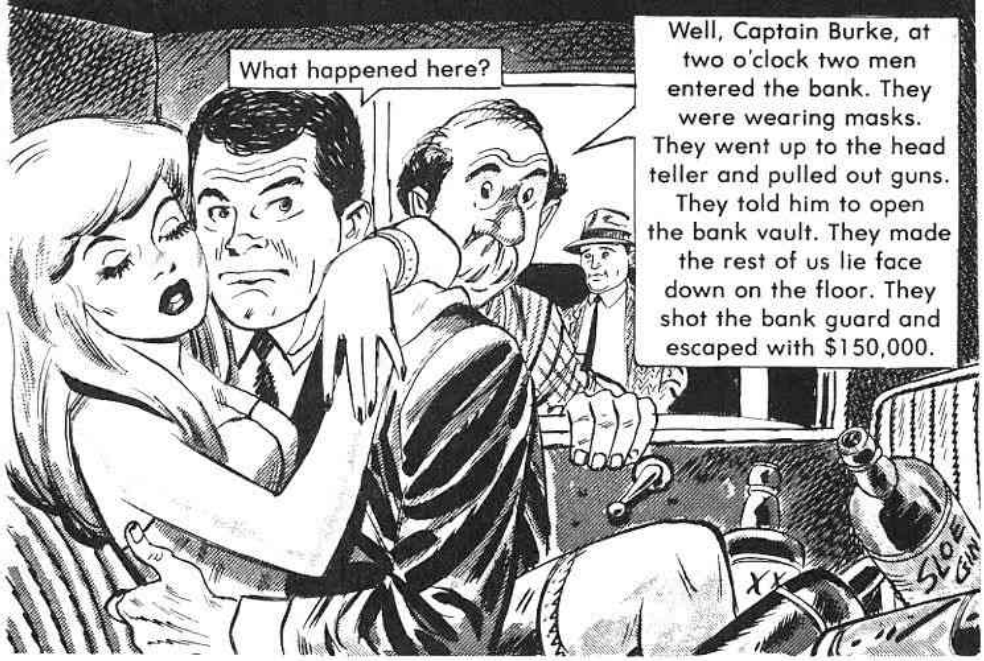
ON FINDING ALLEN FUNT IN YOUR BEDROOM

SO SORRY

HEARD YOUR ANALYST MOVED OUT OF TOWN!

Art by George Tuska

BURKE'S LAW


What happened here?
Well, Captain Burke, at two o'clock two men entered the bank. They were wearing masks. They went up to the head teller and pulled out guns. They told him to open the bank vault. They made the rest of us lie face down on the floor. They shot the bank guard and escaped with $150,000.

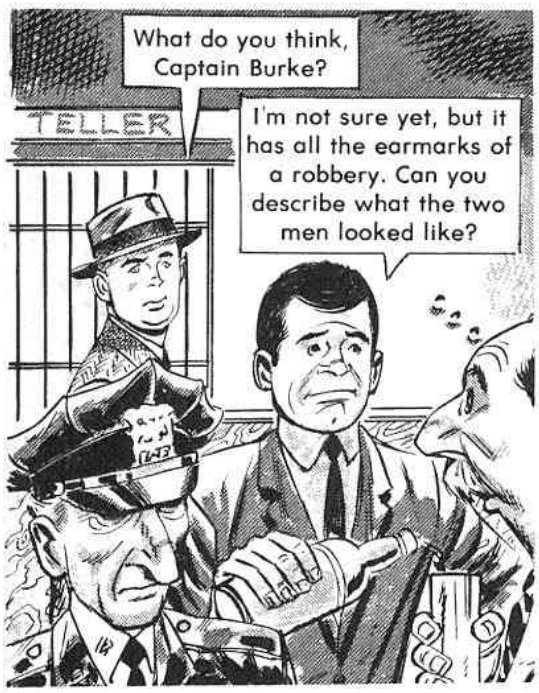
Amos Burke of TV's "Burke's Law" is every man's ideal. He has an expensive car, lots of dough and he's a devil with the chicks. And to top it off, he's a cop, so they can't arrest him for it. Besides being a police captain, Burke is also a millionaire in his own right. And if you're a millionaire, you're always right. Look at Barry Goldwater. Right?

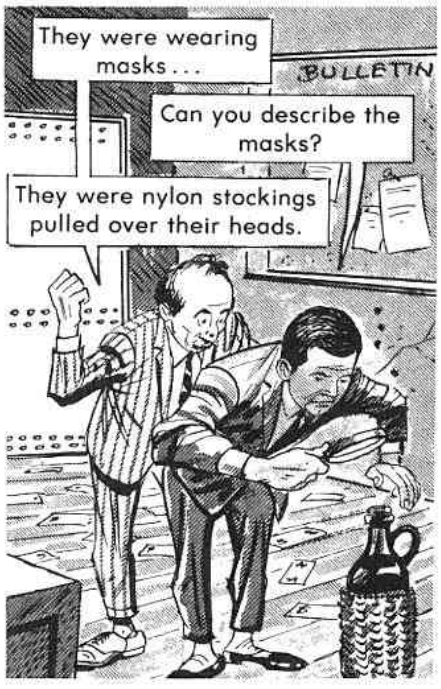
The show opens the same every week. Burke is making love to a beautiful girl in her apartment when the phone rings and it's headquarters calling Burke away to a crime. Just once we'd like to see the phone ring and it's for her. And hear her say: "Who could be calling *me* here? At my apartment?"

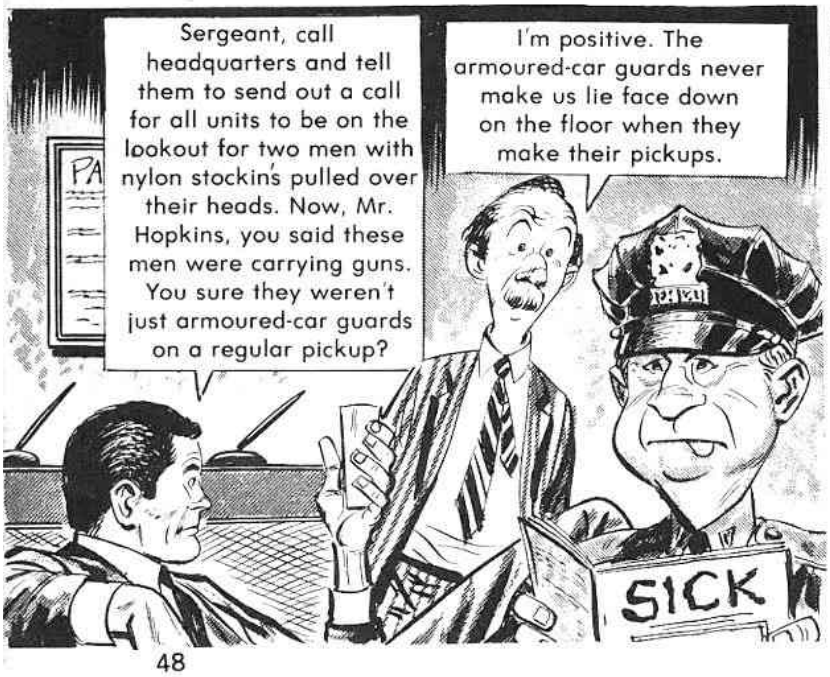
We'd like to know how a police captain could be so rich. Is he working on commission? Cops don't accept tips. He drives around in a chauffeured Rolls Royce. You know what a Rolls costs? $15,000—that's without radio and heater. On a Rolls, the big cost is accessories and on a Rolls Royce the tires are considered accessories.

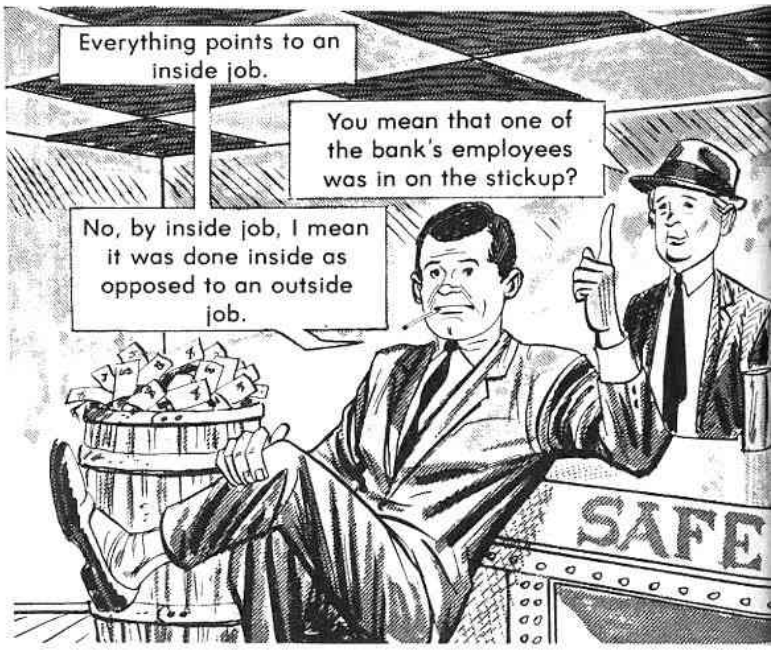
Burke has a phone in his car so they can interrupt him if he's making love to a girl in his car too. We once saw a guy kissing a girl in a phone booth and the phone rang. The voice on the other end asked: "What TV show are you watching?" They replied: "Twilight Zone"... What still puzzles us is how they got the TV set into the booth with them.

The other thing that puzzles us is how Burke made so much loot—How does a cop get rich? He gets a beat in a good neighborhood. Our uncle was a cop and he did pretty good. They gave him his own car and it had a radio in it, no phone. He took us to the beach in his squad car.Trouble going to the beach in a squad car is the cars in front of you on the highway always slow down for some reason. Uncle was an honest cop. He never took a bribe in his life. But you shouldn't judge a whole group just by one man.


What do you think, Captain Burke?
I'm not sure yet, but it has all the earmarks of a robbery. Can you describe what the two men looked like?
TELLER



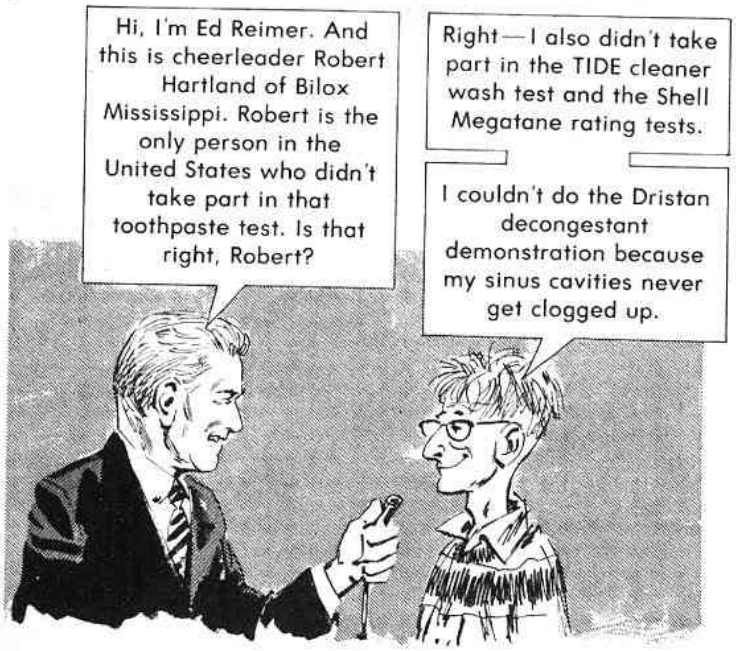

Sergeant, call headquarters and tell them to send out a call for all units to be on the lookout for two men with nylon stockins pulled over their heads. Now, Mr. Hopkins, you said these men were carrying guns. You sure they weren't just armoured-car guards on a regular pickup?
I'm positive. The armoured-car guards never make us lie face down on the floor when they make their pickups.
SICK

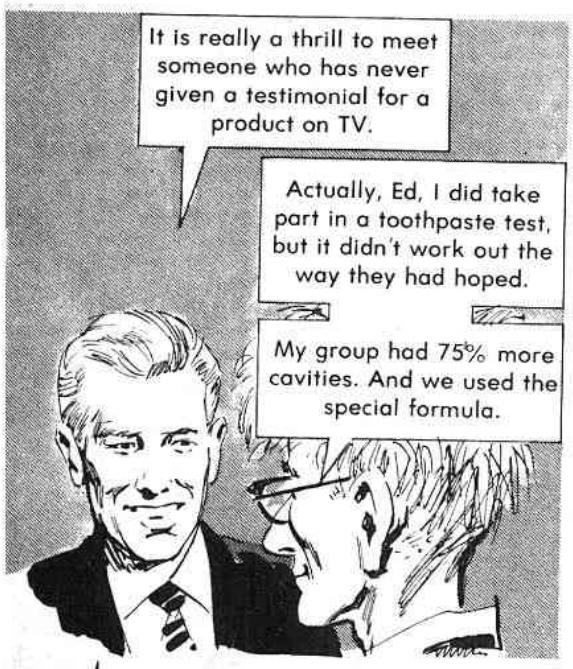

Everything points to an inside job.
You mean that one of the bank's employees was in on the stickup?
No, by inside job, I mean it was done inside as opposed to an outside job.
SAFE

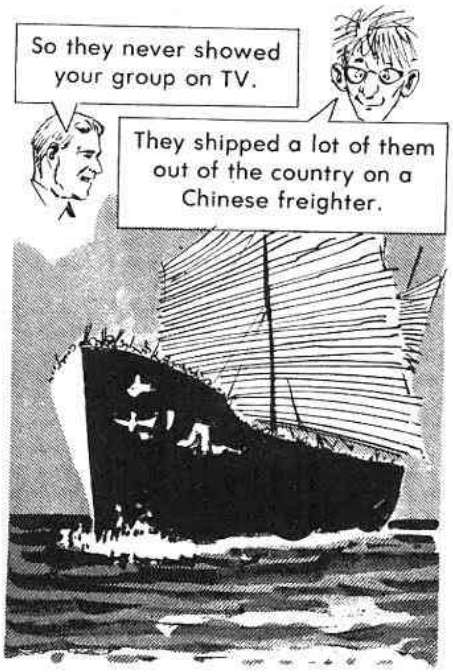
Chief, this is the head teller.
...Yes sir, the bank was robbed today.
I was right. Something told me it was a robbery. Tell us what happened.
These two men came into the bank and made me lie down on the floor.
Did you notice anything unusual?
Yes, as a matter of fact, I did. I noticed the floor was dirty.
Just a thought, but these men must have known there was money in the bank. Somone must have tipped them off. Now, Teller, what did they say to you?
They said: "Open the vault or you all will be sorry, son."
The suspects speak with a Southern accent.
So do you. Take him in, Sergeant, and book him.
It all fits. He works in the banks so he knows there is money here. He speaks with a Southern accent and so did the robbers, and he knows how to open the vault.
What about the dirty floor?
That's what clinched it. The floor was dirty, but his suit wasn't.
Brilliant. Either he didn't lie down on the floor with the rest of the bank employees, or he knows a speedy cleaner. Another case solved, Amos.
What's that you've got there, son?
The teller's suit. I'm from Speedy Cleaners. The head teller changed into another suit while we cleaned this one.
Give me that!
But the teller is waiting for it.
He won't need it where he's going.
LATER
Another case marked solved, Captain.
You almost blew it.
How come?
When we entered the bank your nylon stocking was sticking out of your pocket.
My last pair, too.

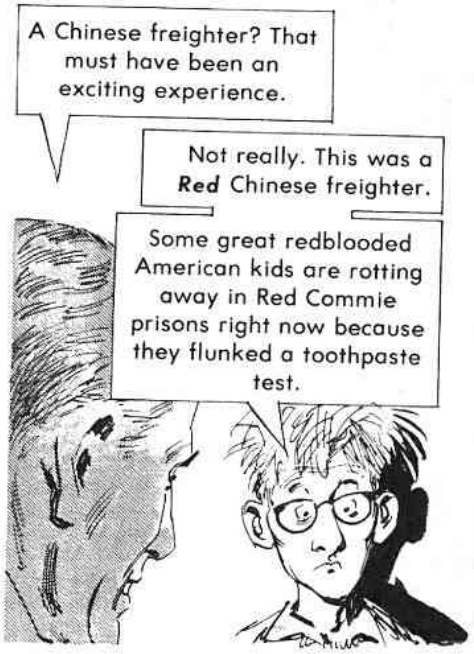
TV Commercials TEST CASE

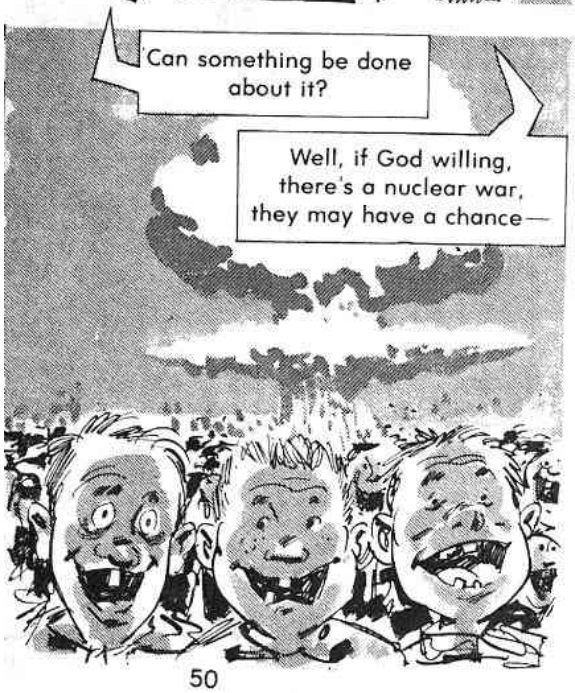
Art by Angelo Torres


Hi, I'm Ed Reimer. And this is cheerleader Robert Hartland of Bilox Mississippi. Robert is the only person in the United States who didn't take part in that toothpaste test. Is that right, Robert?
Right—I also didn't take part in the TIDE cleaner wash test and the Shell Megatane rating tests.
I couldn't do the Dristan decongestant demonstration because my sinus cavities never get clogged up.

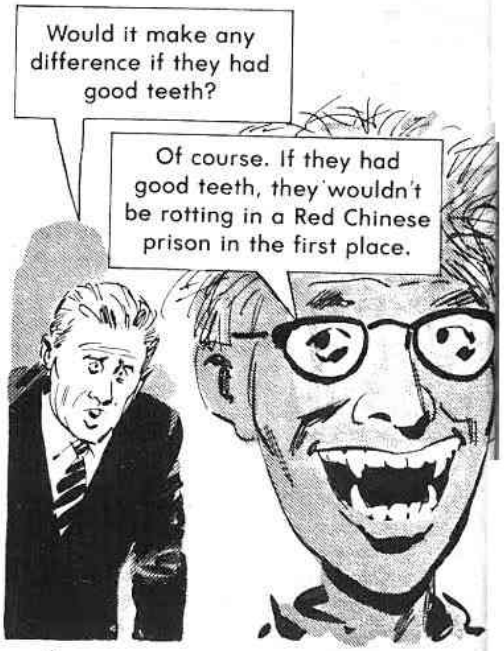

It is really a thrill to meet someone who has never given a testimonial for a product on TV.
Actually, Ed, I did take part in a toothpaste test, but it didn't work out the way they had hoped.
My group had 75% more cavities. And we used the special formula.



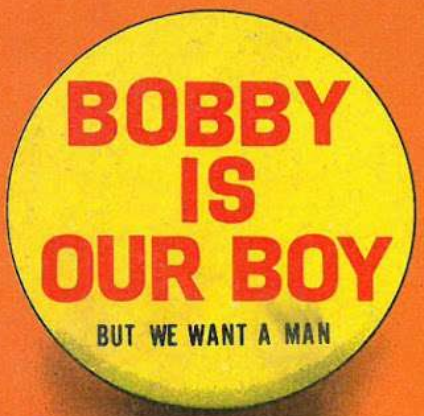
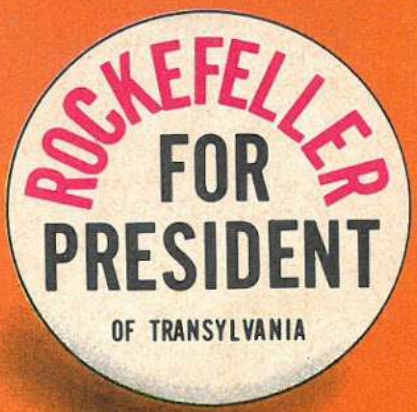
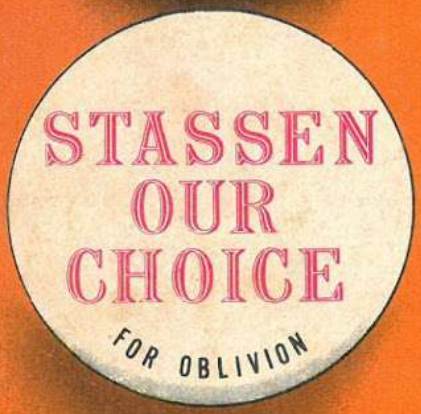
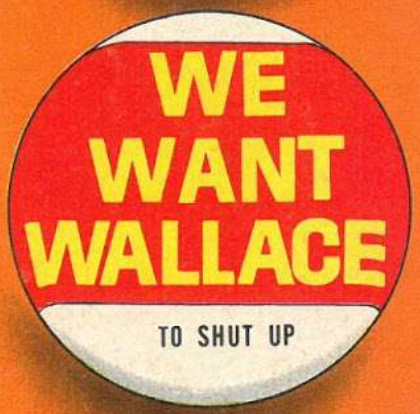
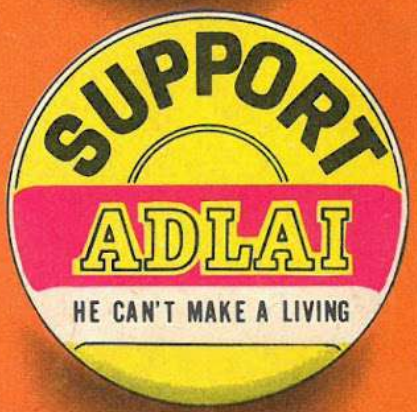
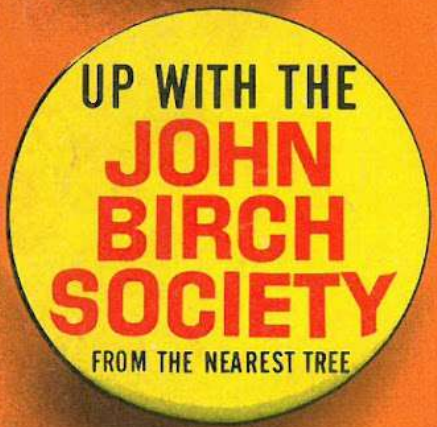
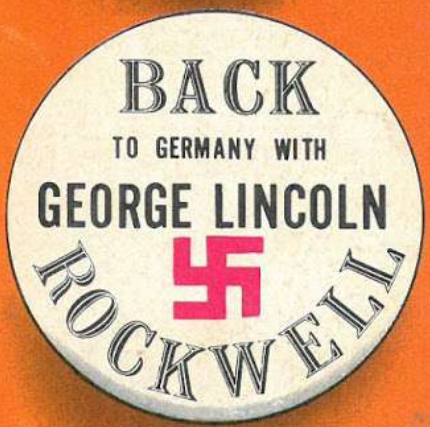
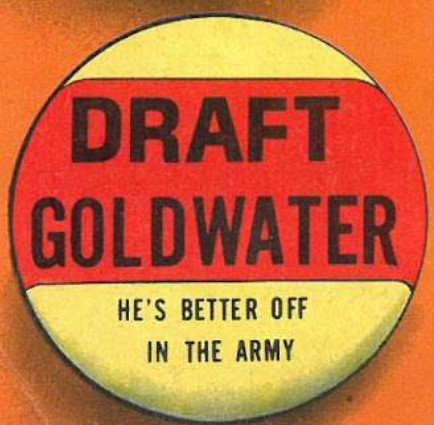
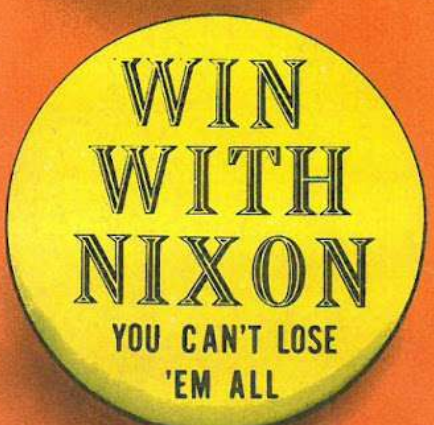

A Chinese freighter? That must have been an exciting experience.
Not really. This was a ***Red*** Chinese freighter.
Some great redblooded American kids are rotting away in Red Commie prisons right now because they flunked a toothpaste test.



Have you talked to the State Department about this?
They refuse to do anything about it.
They don't want to start a nuclear war just to free a handful of American kids with bad teeth.


Would it make any difference if they had good teeth?
Of course. If they had good teeth, they wouldn't be rotting in a Red Chinese prison in the first place.

Great Moments in History

CUT-OUT AND PASTE-ON

SICK CAMPAIGN BUTTONS